

# ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

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## The Pastor's Daughter.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

Nathaniel Vinton had been the minister of a retired New England parish twenty years. It was now several months, since a general falling of health from over-exertion, attended with great debility, had compelled him to suspend his pastoral labors. He had hoped that a season of rest would restore him to his original vigor; but the vital energies had been too much exhausted to be easily renewed, and when the committee, selected for the purpose, consisting of three of the more prominent members of the society, called on him that morning to suggest the expediency of choosing a successor, he did not feel that it was his duty to offer any objection.

He was now sitting near a window, apparently watching the purple glory of the dying day, and the golden gleams of sunlight glancing in and out, among the rich foliage of a grove of maples, which he had planted with his own hands, the first year he lived at the parsonage. Beneath their shade, the leading points of many a sermon had been arranged, and prayerfully pondered, which had made the heart of the strong man stronger; and more still, that had spoken peace and comfort to the poor and sorrowing, and had been as balm to the broken spirited, ready to faint and sink down by the wayside.

But his wife who sat near him, busily plying her needle, knew only too well, that sad thoughts caused by the visit of the committee, more than the beauty and brilliance of the sunset hour, filled his thoughts. While there was in his countenance a composed, serene expression, resulting from a consciousness of having done his duty, she recognized that look of resignation, so sad and touching to all, whose own experience enables them to realize, that the hearts which have been sorely smitten,

are often those most open to its best and holiest influences.

Margaret, the elder daughter, who had not, until within a few months, so earnestly studied the varying aspects which the mind gives to the face, saw *that*, in her father's, as she moved about the room, performing various household tasks, which "made her wish to steal away and weep."

"How could Mr Fordham and the others," she thought, "have the heart to propose a successor, when they saw how weak and worn he looked, and must know that he has given all but his life to them, and to the society whose welfare they professed to have so much at heart."

Mr Vinton opened his writing desk, which stood within reach of his hand, and took thence a small manuscript volume of poems. For a few moments his eyes rested on one of its pages.

"Not bad—not bad," he said to himself, softly. Then looking up, he placed his thin, wasted hand on what he had been reading. "Mary," said he, speaking to his wife, "I have been thinking how true are the words of a celebrated writer, where he says, 'How deep the gulf that divides the tongue from the heart.' We have, in truth, no means of communicating the more profound and subtle emotions of our nature. We may recognize the sway of its hidden and deeper currents, and feel the thrill of their sweet and solemn music; but, as it appears to me, the greatest master of language who ever lived, in attempting to give a true and faithful transcript of man's emotional nature, must have felt how meagre the power of expression to depict the heart's higher and more earnest aspirations. Its 'immortal instincts,' to borrow a phrase from Byron, still remain unportrayed. How then must it be with one, who even from boyhood, has enjoyed but few and brief respites from the sterner

duties of life; these which in the performance demand the strong, untiring hand, as well as an unflinching energy of will? With one, who even in moments, when 'the veil of heaven seemed half withdrawn,' has found the spell rudely broken by a whisper in his ear, which told him that the corn and potatoes must be hoed?"

"The same as it has always been with you," said his wife.

"Had it not been," he replied, holding up the manuscript, "this might help us out of our pecuniary difficulties."

"And why may it not now?" she asked, looking up from her work, and speaking in the bright hopeful way natural to her, as any one would have known, who saw and heard her. "I am certain, that I have read few things, which to me seemed so beautiful and touching, as some of those little poems."

His eye brightened a little, as he said:

"Your praise is very grateful to me, Mary; more so than I can well tell you. But these pieces you call poems, fall very far short of what I have felt when I had no leisure to mould and shape my thoughts into tangible forms, such as might have been put on paper. It is this, which, in my case, has made still wider and deeper the gulf that must ever divide the power of expression from those richer tides of feeling, which sometimes rise up and fill the heart to overflowing."

"But if you have had opportunity to gather only a few of the gems and flowers which you have seen sparkling and blooming around you, no one can accuse you of having been an unfaithful pastor."

"No, Mary, and in this I find peace. I have, God helping me, done what I could to seek out for my flock the green pastures, and the still, cool waters; and if the storms of life gathered and darkened around them, I have tried according to the best of my ability to direct them to the true fold."

Just at this moment, the voice of Nathalie, who was still a child, being seven years younger than her sister Margaret, singing the words, "There's no place like home," came floating in at an open door, from which a path, bordered with flowers, led to the grove of maples. Now and then, as she moved slowly along, removing a dry leaf, or uprooting an intrusive weed, a turn of the path brought her where she could be seen by her parents and sister. It was a sweet picture which the doorway framed in, as she bent over the flowers, the golden sunshine glancing in and out among

the soft brown curls, which fell over her shoulders. Margaret quickened her movements, as her sister drew near the house, and by the time she entered, everything was in its place.

Nathalie went up to her father, and placed in his hand a few large pansies, their petals of purple and gold rendered richer and more vivid from being intermingled with a few leaves of sweet-scented fern.

"I shall have something prettier—a great deal prettier—for you, in the morning, papa," said she.

"Shall you?" said he, passing his hand caressingly over her soft brown curls, as he inhaled the delicate fragrance of the pansies and fern. "What is it?"

"A moss rose; I've been watching the bud a whole week, and I am certain it will begin to open to-morrow morning."

"Yes, a moss rose is very beautiful, there is no flower I love better."

Margaret, meanwhile, had signified to her mother that she was going out to walk a short distance, and quietly slipped from the room. After an absence of half an hour, she returned.

"I saw Ann Fordham, while I was gone," said she, as she lit a candle and placed it on the light-stand; "and she told me, that her father received a line from the minister who has been applied to, this afternoon, and that he writes word he expects to be here in season to preach next Sabbath."

"What's his name, Margaret?" asked Nathalie.

"Lindsay—Paul Lindsay. He is twenty-five years old, Ann says."

"That was exactly my age," said Mr. Vinton, "when I came here, twenty years ago."

"I shan't like him, I know," said the impulsive Nathalie; and the rich bloom of her cheeks deepened as she spoke.

"That is a question which may be better decided hereafter," said her father.

"But what will you do papa? And what will mamma, and Margaret and I do?" and tears came into her eyes now, followed by a quick sob. "I was thinking when I was out in the garden, how we should have to go away from here, for I heard some of the girls say the other day, that the parsonage must be the minister's home, let him be who he would. Is what they said true, papa?"

"Yes, Nathalie, a home for the minister, is what the parsonage is intended for."

"Well, after all the trees you have planted, and all the shrubbery and flowers, that look so beautiful, it is too bad to have to go away and

leave them all. I don't mean to pull another weed, and I wish there wasn't a flower in the garden, or any where near the house."

"You will alter your mind Nathalie," said her father, "the next time you go out and look at the flowers; and as for the weeds, you have too great a love for the beautiful to suffer them to grow among your cherished roots and plants. But remember that there are other and more noxious weeds than those which spring up among your favorite shrubs and flowers."

"I know what you mean papa," and her eyes drooped at the thought of needing the rebuke, "and I'll try as hard as I can to like Mr. Lindsay and his wife too, if he has one. But I don't believe I can. I'm afraid I shall hate 'em both, if it is ever so wicked," and she burst into a passion of tears.

"I don't believe that our little loving Nathalie has a heart to hate anybody," said her mother, soothingly.

"Come, Nathy, sit by me," said Margaret, drawing a chair close to the light-stand, and taking a newspaper from her pocket. "Here is something I want you all to hear."

"Did Mr. Leonard's folks lend you that?" said Nathalie, her countenance brightening, as she quickly took the seat indicated by her sister.

"Yes, it is last week's paper, and I saw what I am going to read, when I was over there a few days ago: The business the committee came on to-day, recalled it to mind."

Curiosity was excited, and they all listened attentively, while Margaret read the subjoined "Notice."

"A lady, whose delicate health compels her to live secluded from society, would like to engage the services of a young woman, who will be willing to perform such tasks as may be required for the lady's personal comfort. If, after a month's trial, she gives good satisfaction, the lady will be willing to engage her for a year; for which time she will give her two hundred dollars, to be paid either quarterly, or, at the close of the year, as may be preferred. No one need apply, who cannot make up her mind to live in strict retirement; neither making visits nor receiving them during the year, without the express permission of her employer. A line addressed to N. S., New York City, will reach her for whom it is intended, and if it make a favorable impression, will be promptly answered."

There was a little silence, after Margaret finished reading the notice, which was first broken by Mr. Vinton.

"Do you think of applying for the place, Margaret?" said he.

"Yes, father; but that will depend on what you and mother say about it."

"The peremptory, exacting style of the notice didn't escape you, I suppose?"

"No, father; I observed it."

"According as I understand it, you will be required, unconditionally, to lose sight of your own preferences or aversions."

"You understand it as I do. I believe everybody, in a case like the present, expects to be suited."

"And should be," said Mrs. Vinton, "unless the amount or nature of the services required be unreasonable."

"True; yet there is commonly a tacit understanding between the employer and employee, which makes many little matters optional with the latter; an indulgence, which the author of the notice, if I read the glimpse of her character which it affords aright, will not concede."

"Well," said Margaret, "I think that I ought, under existing circumstances, to be willing to submit to almost any amount of self-abnegation, for a remuneration equal to the salary you have received yearly, since you came to Beechdale."

"Which is twenty years ago; making in all, four thousand dollars."

"Do you know, father," said Nathalie, "how many services you have held in that time?"

"Not exactly," he replied. "Rather a large number, I think."

"Over two thousand," said she. "See, I've reckoned it up on my slate."

"Correct, no doubt," replied her father.

"But then, daughter, you mustn't forget, that besides the yearly salary of two hundred dollars, there has been a house to live in, and two acres of land, which in addition to pasturage for a cow, have afforded what fruit and vegetables we have needed in the family. Now take the newspaper, as I know you are longing to do, and see what you can find to amuse you."

She did not want a second bidding, and with the paper in her hand, she withdrew into a room, where the glow in the west, as yet, made artificial light unnecessary.

"Yes," said Mrs. Vinton, as soon as Nathalie had withdrawn, "by being careful economists, we have never, strictly speaking, lacked for the comforts of life. We have, occasionally, had something more than a cup of cold water to give to the poor and needy; but I cannot

forget that the products of our naturally sterile soil have, within the last few years, been obtained at the price of your health. The labor required was just what you needed for health. Mr. Fordham and a few others said. They didn't understand that the vital energies of those who have brain-work to do, should not be so spent by hand-labor, as to produce weariness and languor. You remember the last work you ever did?"

"I finished hoeing the little potato-patch. I believe."

"Yes. The day was very hot and sultry, and you have never stepped outside the door since. Margaret and I were sitting by a window, finishing some sewing we were doing for a neighbor, when we saw Mr. Fordham ride up to the fence near where you were to work, on his fine saddle-horse. 'That's right, Mr. Vinton,' said he, in a voice testifying to the soundness of his lungs. 'I'm always glad when I see you with a hoe or an axe in your hands. Some people think that if a minister needs air and exercise, all he ought to do is to saunter round in the fields and pastures. But I am of a different opinion. Better kill two birds with one stone, I say.' When I saw how full of health and spirits he was, and how cool and comfortable he looked, while you were flushed with heat, and seemed ready to drop down, I couldn't help thinking, and with some bitterness too—I may as well own it as not—that the exercise of riding a fine saddle-horse, like his, might now and then be as beneficial to you, as the kind you were engaged in."

"I won't say that something like that didn't pass through my mind, as he stood talking with me. But we mustn't judge neighbor Fordham too severely. He said as he thought, and couldn't be made to comprehend that an hour employed in close and earnest study, instead of a mere pastime, was in many instances as exhausting to the physical strength, as an hour spent in building stone wall; or that 'sauntering round in the fields,' breathing full draughts of fresh air, was a much better restorative, than bending over a hoe and hacking at the weeds in a potato-hill. Now Margaret, we will talk about the notice in the newspaper, for I see that you are impatient."

"I think that I had better write at once," said Margaret, "or I may be anticipated by other applicants."

"Then you don't falter in your resolution?"

"Not on my own account, though I own I don't feel quite right about leaving home when

I think how much mother will need my assistance, especially those days when the heavier kinds of work must be done. There will be one thing, however, to console us all, if I am so fortunate as to secure the place."

"You are thinking of what our old family physician, the good and genial Dr. Loring, said when he called the other day," said her mother.

"Yes; it will give us the means of trying what he recommended. You remember, father, what he said you needed most, if you would regain your health. As a preparatory step, some plan, he said, must be resorted to which would free your mind from the depressing influences of care and anxiety. Next to that, he thought what you would most require would be a generous diet, plenty of fresh air and exercise, to be graduated by your improving health."

"I don't mean, Margaret, that mother shall miss you on account of the work," said Nathalie, who had rejoined them, "I am going to take your place."

"And you can render me a great deal of assistance," said her mother. "You are beginning to be quite handy about house."

"I have noticed it more than once," said her father.

"No one could help noticing it," said Margaret. "I don't believe that I could do as well when I was no older."

The light in Nathalie's blue eyes grew warmer and brighter, at these words of commendation.

"I mean to do all I can, at any rate," said she, "if Margaret does go. But then we shall all feel very lonely without her."

"We shall," replied her father; "yet I believe that we ought not to withhold our consent;" and as he said this he looked at his wife.

"I think as you do," was her answer to the question thus silently given.

Three days after the foregoing incident, Nathalie, who had been absent on some errand, entered the kitchen, nearly out of breath from the haste she had made, where her mother and sister were engaged in household duties.

"Mr. Lindsay, the new minister, has come," said she.

"Did you see him?" inquired Margaret.

"No; but Anne Fordham has seen him, and says he isn't a bit handsome."

"That is to say, according to her ideas of beauty," said Margaret.

"Is it best to tell father that he has come?" asked Nathalie of her mother.



"Yes, dear. He is expecting him, and it won't disturb him in the least."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Vinton, when Nathalie had told him of Mr. Lindsay's arrival. "To-day is Friday, which will give him opportunity to rest after his long journey, and to gather up his thoughts preparatory to entering on the duties of the Sabbath. I trust," said he to his wife, who just then entered the room, "that the impression I have received of Mr. Lindsay is correct, and that he will not prove to be one of those, whom I have heard designated by the more youthful class of hearers as splendid preachers."

"Such for instance," said Mrs. Vinton, as Mr. —; but, there, I won't call any names; it might seem invidious."

"In most instances," resumed Mr. Vinton, "I have found that those spoken of as splendid preachers, in their anxiety to show off their shallow attainments and graceful oratory, lose sight of those important truths which it is their true vocation to exhibit, while at the same time they press home upon their hearers the necessity, as far as frail humanity will permit, of making a practical use of them in their daily walk. I hope, however, that while he does not neglect those in prosperous circumstances, he will feel it to be not only a duty but a special privilege to encourage and cheer those in adversity, and to speak comfortably to the broken-spirited."

"Which may be done in various ways, by many unthought of," remarked his wife.

"Yes; a look, an intonation of voice, or things even slighter than these, may do it; or, on the other hand, wound the sensitive heart. A flower, however simple, given in the right spirit, may be more grateful than a costly gift, presented in a manner to make the recipient feel a sense of indebtedness."

"None know this better than we do."

"And we know, too, how benign and soothing are the influences derived from the sublime and beautiful objects of the universe. But to those sons and daughters of toil, who are compelled to perform six days' hard labor every week to earn a bare subsistence, they need to be pointed out. They must be told and made to realize that for them, individually,

— 'each evening has its shining star,  
And every Sabbath-day its golden sun.'

Otherwise, the æsthetic taste—which, as it seems to me, of all others is the source of the greatest amount of enjoyment—will remain dormant, or at least be feebly developed."

It had been arranged that on the coming Sabbath, Margaret and Nathalie should attend the morning service, as on several accounts their mother preferred to go in the afternoon. Nathalie did not hesitate to express her firm conviction that she should dislike Mr. Lindsay, and Margaret, though she struggled hard to obtain the mastery over such an unworthy feeling, was conscious of a lurking prejudice against him.

The morning proved to be bright and balmy, and hill and valley, wrapped in the golden sunshine, crossed here and there by long, cool shadows, were reposing in that soft, deep hush, peculiar to the Sabbath in the country.

Curiosity having been a good deal excited relative to the new minister, an unusually large number had assembled in the small, brown meeting-house, when he made his appearance.

Though above the medium height, he did not appear so, which was doubtless owing to his possessing one of those finely harmonized forms, to which clothing, whether fashioned by skillful or unskillful hands, so perfectly adapts itself, that the material, whether of a fine or coarse texture, is scarcely noticed. There are always some, however, to whom the article of dress is particularly interesting, and these, on the present occasion, did not fail to observe that the coat, which so well fitted the wearer, at the elbows, and other places most exposed to friction, was a little threadbare.

He walked up the aisle with a free, firm step, which did not strike Margaret favorably. It seemed to her that something more of that reverence which may be tacitly expressed, was due to the sanctity of the place, and that a degree of thoughtful deference might have been inspired by the reflection that he was about to assume the duties so long and faithfully performed by the invalid pastor, who at that very moment, in the seclusion of home, might be sitting sad and disheartened. It became evident that she had not only failed to overcome her prejudice against him, but that it had imperceptibly grown into that morbid state of feeling which, while it made her peculiarly keen-sighted to whatever might be construed as a defect, caused her to be slow in recognizing what was worthy of commendation.

After he had seated himself, there was a bitterness in her heart, which, when all other eyes were raised to take a look at the young minister, caused her to keep hers resolutely bent to the floor. Had it not been so, she would have seen—for she was beginning to ac-

custom herself "to learn the mind's construction from the face"—that the lines of his countenance, while they indicated great force of character, and a mind qualified to control and direct the minds of others, showed a keen and ready susceptibility to all the finer and tenderer traits of our nature.

It was not long, however, ere she learned this, and that he possessed the rare capability of bringing all his energies to bear on the elucidation of any given point, in a way to make it attractive by its simplicity and directness, rather than from a free use of meretricious ornament, by which some speakers seek to gain the attention of an audience.

Nathalie, who, like the others, was curious to see how the new minister looked, could hardly agree with Anne Fordham in thinking him "not a bit handsome." She had, young as she was, from being more within the sphere of intellectual influences, learned to think that beauty consisted in something more than "the blooming tincture of the skin," and a delicate conformation of features, and before she had time to enter on the task of fortifying herself against liking him, (for, though unavowed, she had a lurking propensity to do so) she began to be interested in watching his sedate and pleasant countenance, with its clear, olive complexion, deep, luminous eyes, finely-cut, nervous lips, and the broad, compact forehead, thrown into clear relief by close, clustering curls of jet black hair.

It was not till Margaret listened to his deep, mellow voice, every tone of which, subdued and reverent, was appropriate to the prayer, with which, according to the custom of his predecessor, he opened the morning services, that those unworthy and bitter feelings, which she was sensible she had not held in check with the resolute earnestness she ought to have done, began gradually to grow quiescent, and to give place to a better state of feeling. Insensibly, as it were, as she was carried along on the full and fervent tide of supplication which flowed from his lips, her mind became soothed and refreshed, and finally, when, towards the close of his prayer, he alluded to the beloved pastor in whose place he then stood, in language of genuine pathos, and in a voice which thrilled and vibrated with that true and natural tenderness which has its keynote in the heart, tears gathered in her eyes, and without her being conscious of it, fell on her clasped hands. A gush of tears too, from Nathalie's blue eyes, sparkled like dew-drops on her golden curls, which fell forward

over her shoulders, as she bowed her head to conceal them.

And besides theirs, many an eye was dim with the mist of tears, more especially among the poor and lowly. Even those with hearts so cold and hard that they had not given a thought to the darkening prospects of the old minister, in their eagerness to welcome the new, were so moved at the picture presented to their minds, as to resolve, then and there, that if it should seem really necessary that they should loosen their purse-strings for Mr. Vinton's benefit, they would not hold back.

It was not till after the close of the morning service that Margaret noticed a young lady, whose general appearance was pleasing and attractive, in company with the Fordhams. She was a stranger, and, as Margaret supposed, Mr. Lindsay's wife. This supposition she considered as confirmed, when on overtaking her, as with Mrs. Fordham she was moving slowly down the aisle, he offered her his arm. A pang shot through Margaret's heart, at the thought of his having a family. There was no alternative now; the parsonage must be at once vacated for the accommodation of the new incumbent. Heretofore, she had entertained a faint hope that he was single, which, possibly, might not involve the necessity of their being obliged to seek another home, before her father's health was so far restored as to enable him, better than at present, to sustain the consequent anxiety and fatigue. He had for the last eight or ten days, as they all thought, gained a little, and to be obliged to go now, would throw him back on the old ground.

As these thoughts entered her mind, she felt there was danger that the old feeling of bitterness with which she had regarded the new minister, and which she hoped was subdued, would return with all its original force.

Margaret's response to the unknown lady's "Notice" received a speedy answer. It informed her that she was a resident of New York city, and lived at No. 81 B— Street. She was requested to set out as soon as possible after its receipt, having first furnished herself with references from two or more persons of respectability. It likewise directed her, on arriving at the place designated, to inquire for Mrs. Bridgton, who was her housekeeper. The signature, written in a different hand from the letter, was "Olympia Everdale."

The scantiness of Margaret's wardrobe saved her from having to make much preparation, and she was soon ready for her journey. She

left home comparatively hopeful and cheerful, for it turned out that the lady she took to be Mr. Lindsay's wife, was his sister, who was on her way to a neighboring town, where she had been engaged as a teacher; and that, so far from wishing to take possession of the parsonage—his great object being exemption from care—he craved as a favor to be received into Mr. Vinton's family as a boarder. "It will at least," he thought—for he had obtained an inkling of their straightened circumstances—"be the means of causing two-thirds of the small salary to pass into the old reservoir, though by a different channel."

"Does Mrs. Bridgton live here?" inquired Margaret of a pleasant looking woman of fifty, who answered her ring at No. 81 B—street.

"That is my name," she replied, and you, I think, must be Miss Margaret Vinton."

"Yes."

"Walk in there, and find a seat, while I go and let Mrs. Everdale know that you've come," said Mrs. Bridgton, indicating the open door of a small, plainly furnished parlor. After an absence of five minutes, she returned.

"Mrs. Everdale is ready to see you," said she; "follow me."

With her curiosity not a little excited, and, as it must be confessed, some slight misgivings, Margaret did as she was desired. Having conducted her up a broad staircase, Mrs. Bridgton proceeded along a winding corridor, which, from its length, Margaret imagined must lead to a part of the building remote from that where she had been admitted.

"Mrs. Everdale prefers a room on the south side of the house," said Mrs. Bridgton, opening a door near the extremity of the corridor—"you will find her in there."

Margaret entered, and found herself in a spacious apartment, a portion of which was concealed from view by a large India screen, which reached within two or three feet of the ceiling.

"Come in here!" said a voice from behind it.

Margaret stepped inside the enclosure, and beheld a woman somewhat younger than she had anticipated, seated in a reclining attitude, on a lounge of crimson damask. Her dress, a robe of gray, heavy satin, the folds of which were gathered to her waist by a belt, fastened with a plain gold clasp, was nearly concealed by a large Cashmere shawl, of such wonderful richness, that its price, judiciously invested, would have been thought by many a poor widow, sufficient, if seconded by diligence, to

make her comfortable for life. But these, at first, presented no distinct picture to the eye of Margaret, her whole attention being concentrated on the pale face turned sharply towards her, its large black eyes, keen and piercing, being fixed upon her with a steady, searching gaze. Margaret almost felt that they saw all which was passing in her mind.

At the end of a few seconds Mrs. Everdale seemed satisfied with the result of her scrutiny. While what seemed a sigh of relief, the keen, piercing look of her eyes softened to a sunny brilliance, and her lips, which had been so firmly compressed as to appear like threads of scarlet, relaxed in a manner to give them an expression of great sweetness. She made a sign for Margaret, who had remained standing, to take a chair which stood opposite the lounge.

"I like your looks and your appearance in every respect," she said abruptly; "so entirely so, that I am certain the month's trial alluded to in the negotiation between us, as far as I am concerned, will be unnecessary."

"That may probably be better decided at the termination of the stipulated time, than now, was Margaret's answer. "You haven't as yet examined the references you spoke of," and rising, she placed them in Mrs. Everdale's hands.

"Nonsense!" said she, "a mere formality;" and, without looking at them she carelessly tossed them aside. "And now, that at the outset, there may be a fair understanding between us, it is best that I specify what I shall require of you. In the first place, then, being a prisoner, and not fond of solitary confinement, makes it necessary that you should be one too. You are now in the heart of my prison-house. Were I to attempt to live outside this screen, my days would soon be numbered. You look surprised, and may possibly imagine that instead of a companion, I need a keeper. To speak to the point, owing to having passed a large portion of my life in the East Indies, I am physically very sensitive; too much so to be exposed to the direct influence of the air, which, as I like to have the atmosphere of my apartments pure and fresh, is always admitted at an open window. As to you, you can the most of the time, as it may best please you, take the inside or outside of the screen. I shall only ask to have you within sound of my voice. Is what I've proposed satisfactory thus far?"

"Perfectly."

"I have a small, though well selected library, and shall, with few exceptions, wish you to

read to me from some favorite author, more or less, every day. Sometimes I may wish you to write to my dictation. The remainder of the time there will doubtless be sewing at hand, or some other employment which you can have recourse to, if you are one of those who don't wish to be idle. Do you think that you can live so secluded and monotonous a life for a whole year, without annoying me by showing that you are discontented and unhappy?"

"I don't think," replied Margaret, "that I shall feel discontented, and shall therefore not annoy you by seeming so."

"I believe you. The sense of duty, whatever it may be, which caused you to seek a place, which, according to the notice in the newspaper, must have appeared to you to possess few attractions, makes you equal to enduring with cheerfulness, a mode of life which, if not absolutely irksome, may be little in accordance with your inclination."

Margaret subsequently learned that Mrs. Everdale, who was an American by birth, was, at the youthful age of seventeen, married to an English gentleman, much older than herself, who had taken up his residence in the East Indies, some eight or ten years previously, and that, on his return thither, she accompanied him. Contrary to their expectations, they remained in that country long enough for Mr. Everdale to more than double his already large fortune, ruin his health, and seriously injure his wife's.

Soon after her husband's decease, she returned to her native land. She had no near relatives of her own, and came in search of her late husband's sister, to whom he had willed a handsome bequest. This sister, on account of her marriage with a poor, though reputable man, had, while they were in India, been banished from her father's house. The quest of Mrs. Everdale had proved a vain one. She could only learn that both her sister-in-law and husband had been dead many years, and that their two children, a boy and girl of the respective ages of twelve and ten, had soon after their decease been taken into the country by a farmer and his wife, who intended to adopt them, and whose name no one could remember.

"I have long since," said Mrs. Everdale, after having one day referred to the last-named incidents, "abandoned the idea of ever finding my sister-in-law's children, and shall probably, as, having no object in view, I have no motive for exertion, continue to go on in the same listless manner I do now, to the end."

"It appears to me that were I in your place, I would make some object."

"There's not the least doubt of it. It would be easy for you, but to me, it would, as I believe, be utterly impossible."

"To-day," said Mrs. Everdale, after a little silence, "you have been with me a month, and I think I have had sufficient proof that the opinion I formed of you when you first came, was correct. There are times, when, instead of arriving at a conclusion through a series of logical deductions, I form an opinion at once; and what is peculiarly pleasant and satisfactory, I am troubled with no misgivings as to its correctness, as I often am, when I fret, worry, and investigate, to prevent the possibility of being deceived. And now, read me one of those manuscript poems your father wrote. But first, shall I tell you of a little plan I've formed?"

Margaret replied that she should be much pleased to hear what it was, thinking, at the same time that Mrs. Everdale was not so incapable of finding something which would interest her as she imagined.

"It is this; without letting your father into the secret, I am going to have them printed in handsome style, and surprise him with a present of a package of them one of these days. Will he think it will be taking too much liberty?"

"I think not. Besides, the poems belong to me. He gave them to me the last thing before I left home."

"Just at this moment, Mrs. Bridgton made her appearance."

"There's a gentleman in the parlor," said she, "who wishes to see Miss Vinton. Here's his card."

She handed it to Margaret, who read aloud, "Paul E. Lindsay," at the same time regarding Mrs. Everdale with a questioning look.

"To see, or not to see him, is, according to our agreement, for me to decide," said Mrs. Everdale, in answer to the look.

"Certainly," replied Margaret.

"Well, tell me who this Paul E. Lindsay is."

Margaret briefly informed her of all she knew concerning him.

"Without being able to assign any reason, I am seized with a strong inclination to see him, and should like to have the interview take place here, if you've no objection to my being present."

"So far from having any objection, nothing would please me better," was the answer.



"Bring him hither then, Mrs. Bridgton," said Mrs. Everdale. "But we mustn't admit him to the penetralia of my prison. I will see him outside the screen. By some means, I find I can bear the air better than before you came."

She had only time to take possession of a large cushioned chair, when Mr. Lindsay, conducted by Mrs. Bridgton, entered the apartment. Margaret, with a look of anxiety, went forward to meet him, for she feared that he might be the bearer of bad news. He noticed the look, and, without waiting for her to inquire, told her at once that her father's health was much improved, and that her mother and sister were well.

"I was obliged to come to the city," he then said, "to transact a little business for my father, and could not deny myself the privilege of calling to inquire for you."

Margaret now presented him to Mrs. Everdale, who, since the moment of his entrance, had scarce withdrawn her eyes from him. She received him very graciously, though something evidently preoccupied her thoughts.

"I think that soon after you came, you spoke of your father?" said she.

"I did, madam."

"At the risk of making you imagine that I intend to put you to the question," said she, smiling, "I am going to ask you concerning a few things which I hope you will not refuse to answer, even though you should consider them impertinent."

He assured her that he knew of nothing which should make him wish to withhold any information she desired concerning him or his connexions.

"Are both your parents living?"

"They are—or, rather, those are, who have for many years supplied the place of parents to my sister and me. Our own father and mother have been dead twelve years."

"Their name?"

"Hildreth."

Mrs. Everdale, for the next few moments, busied herself in untying the ribbon, to which was appended a plain gold locket, which she always wore. Opening the locket, and disclosing a miniature, she handed it to Margaret.

"Tell me what you think of it," said she.

"I think it a very good likeness of Mr. Lindsay," she replied. "As good as if he had sat for it."

"That's what I think," said Mrs. Everdale, with much vivacity. "I was struck with the

resemblance between him and what my husband was when we first became acquainted, the moment I saw him." She rose, and approaching the young man, (who, excited by the few sentences interchanged between her and Margaret, had left his seat involuntarily,) clasped him warmly by the hand.

"At last, you are found—you I have so long been in quest of," said she. As she spoke, her dark eyes were filled to overflowing with the sunny brilliance which made them, as Margaret thought, the most beautiful eyes she ever saw.

"Will you not tell me whom you take me for?" said Mr. Lindsay.

"For the nephew of Paul Everdale, my late husband, for whom your mother named you."

"Yes, I knew that my mother gave me the name of her only brother."

"And you are preaching at Beechdale twice every Sabbath, and performing all the incidental duties of a pastor, for two hundred dollars a year?"

"I am, to the best of my ability, and consider myself fortunate in obtaining the situation, on several accounts, besides its affording me a comfortable living."

"And here is Miss Vinton, working for the same niggardly compensation, as cheerfully as if she were expecting thousands."

"To me, it seems a liberal sum for the light services you require of me," said Margaret.

"Yes, you have no doubt been satisfied, but would have had better reason to be, if you had known as I did, how much gold you were all the time coining by your cheerful face and pleasant voice. Be certain, however, that the gold is well invested, and will be yours all in good time. Paul Everdale!" and she turned abruptly to the young man—"you have a sister!"

"I have, and one of the best a brother ever had. She has been fortunate, as well as I, in obtaining employment. We both thought that our parents—for such Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay have truly been to us, in the best sense of the word, if adversity should some day overtake them, ought to find that they could lean on us, instead of our longer leaning on them."

"Happily, I have enough of this world's goods for all, and I shant forget those who have enabled the children of my husband's sister to take a respectable stand in society. And now, Margaret, I've a few words to say to you. The engagement subsisting between us, was for a year. I cancel it. What may surprise you still more, I propose making you



a visit after you return to Beechdale, for that low, brown house, nestled among flowers, has haunted my imagination ever since you described it to me. But if I go, my nephew must consent to be my escort."

"It will require very little persuasion to obtain it," he replied. "When you are ready, let me know, and I shall be at your service."

October had come, and Mrs. Everdale was still with her friends at the parsonage of Beechdale. She had, as she said, found out that she was not made for a recluse, and those who saw the change which three months had made in her health and spirits, could not fail to be of her mind. Mr. Vinton, too, had regained his usual health, and an arrangement satisfactory to all parties had been made, by which he was to resume his pastoral duties, with Mr. Lindsay for his colleague, that they might not be too onerous.

It was a frosty evening, and they were all assembled in the sitting-room, made bright and cheery by a wood fire. Mr. Vinton filled his usual place, near a small table, on which were books and papers, while Mrs. Vinton and Margaret, with their sewing, sat on the opposite side. Mrs. Everdale, who, with Mr. Lindsay, was sitting a little apart, was in a very animated manner describing to him a spot which she had by chance fallen upon during a walk with Nathalie, that for its beauty and eligibility as a building spot, surpassed anything she had ever seen.

"Oh, Mr. Lindsay knows all about it," said Nathalie. "He used to write all his best sermons there last summer."

"Perhaps he will next summer, too," said Mrs. Everdale; "but then I intend that there shall be a better roof between him and the blue sky than that fine old shade tree, in case of a sudden shower."

"Is he going to live there?" asked Nathalie.

"Perhaps, if he can find a housekeeper that will suit him, he will."

"Well, Margaret would suit him, I know. She understands how all kinds of work should be done, as well as mother does."

At this moment, much to Margaret's relief, there was a rap at the outer door, and Nathalie ran to open it.

"For Mr. Vinton," said a boy, handing her a parcel.

"I can't think what this can be," said she, as she entered the apartment, "for though not very large, it is heavy. It is directed to you, father."

Mrs. Everdale smiled, but remained silent, as Mr. Vinton removed, first a thick, substantial wrapper of brown paper, then several others, softer and finer, and finally came to a number of handsomely bound volumes. He looked pleased at sight of them, for it was not often that a new book of any kind found its way to his table; but when, on opening one of the volumes "got up" in such fine style, he found that it contained the poems, embodying many of the best and most touching aspirations of his mind and heart, surprise for a few moments predominated over every other emotion, and then, though tears filled his eyes, his face grew radiant. Mrs. Vinton took up one of the volumes, and looked at the title-page.

"Just what I have long wished," said she, "but dared not hope for."

"How did this come about?" Mr. Vinton inquired of Margaret.

"You gave me the poems," she replied, "with the liberty to do what I pleased with them."

"Yes, I did," was the answer.

"And my great ambition was to restore them to you in their present guise, which I never could have done, had it not been for our friend, and benefactress."

"As anything which I could say, by the way of thanks, must fall far short of what I feel," said Mr. Vinton, "I may as well remain silent."

"And silence is often more expressive than words," was Mrs. Everdale's answer.

One year from this bright, October evening, there was a social gathering, or, as the inhabitants of Beechdale termed it, "a house-warming," at the handsome dwelling which meanwhile had been built on the spot selected by Mrs. Everdale, and which, according to her instructions, contained a suite of rooms for her especial accommodation.

Among those present was Mrs. Bridgton, who, knowing, as she said, Mrs. Everdale's ways better than anybody else in the world, was determined never to forsake her, a determination in which the lady herself cordially acquiesced.

But of all the numerous guests, none appeared more highly gratified than Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, and their adopted daughter, Paul's sister.

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Lindsay, "if I had been allowed to choose a wife for him myself, that I could have found one I like as well as Margaret."

"Nor I," said Mr. Lindsay, regarding the young couple with looks of pride and pleasure. "We may truly say that we have found the bread which we many days ago cast upon the waters."

## The Church Bell.

O'er village, lake, and upland, through the still descending snow,  
Came that deep, sonorous music, chiming, solemn, grand and slow;  
And I heard a mystic message, murmuring in its measured falls,  
As I watched the azure smoke-wreath drifting round the windowed walls.

"Ye are treading—ye are treading," said the slowly-swinging tongue,  
"Where the floods of living waters flow in currents pure and strong—  
Where the meteor-star of Mercy, from the darkened heavens above,  
Lights one swiftly passing moment with a gleam of radiant love.

Lo! the dim, unfolding future, with its hopes, and cares, and fears,  
Calls ye onward through the darkening vistas of untrodden years;  
Would ye fill that shadowy future with the undying light of Heaven,  
Burning through the earthly darkness, constant as the stars of even?

Would ye lead earth's palsied pilgrims, downward to Bethesda's wave?—  
Would ye trace the desert wanderers whom His mercy came to save?  
Would ye dry the eyes of sorrow?—would ye curb the course of sin,  
And illumine all the night-road with the light of Heaven within?

Would ye, with unsandalled footstep, tread that temple, still and lone,  
Where abides the blissful presence of the never-changing One?  
Would ye, through Life's stormy journey, and on Death's Cimmerian shore,  
Hear His voice forever whispering—"I am with thee evermore?"

Ay! and when the cheek is marble, and the eyes are closed and dim,  
Would ye rest in that bright Eden, where the angels worship Him?—  
Where the pure, the great, the lovely, find their infinite abode,  
Basking in the unclouded presence of the Mediator-God?

Come, then, 'tis the voice of Heaven, and that Heaven awaits ye now;

Waits, with showers of benediction, gentle as the showering snow—

Come!—the blessed moment wane, and its light may rise no more—

Come! a thousand welcoming voices, call ye from the eternal shore.

With serene and chastened spirit, gird ye for your life sublime,

Garner well each golden moment, falling from the wings of Time,

With the love that spans earth's compass—with the Faith that looks on high—

With the Will that never falters, plume your pinions for the sky.

Lingering, sell the final cadence, o'er the acre of the dead,

And I pressed the downy carpet with a slow and musing tread;

For the summons of the Highest, lured me like a holy spell,

While the far-off hills were answering to the long-resounding bell.

## Singular Cures.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

There is said to be a great deal of "glorious uncertainty" about the law; there is full as much of this element in the practice of medicine. How often a rapid and remarkable cure is effected by some mistake committed by the nurse, or some one in attendance, or perhaps, a purposed departure from orders, a stealthy administering of some "forbidden fruit." It is a case of this kind concerning which I have put down a few hints.

A woman lay ill with dysentery. The doctors had given her over. A Scotch woman was in attendance upon her. In the night the patient begged of her a draught of cold water, direct from the well, which had been prohibited her. The woman hesitated about disobeying orders; then she thought, "She must die any way—why not gratify her?" So she took a bowl, and went to the well, and filling it, placed it, "sparkling with coolness," to the supposed dying woman's lips, telling her she might drink a very little at a time.

As if life lay at the bottom, as it proved to do for her, she clung to it, and drained it to the last drop. The woman was frightened at first, at what she had done; then she thought, "She could but have died, any way—what matter?" The patient had been feverish and restless before, unable to sleep. Now she

seemed calmed. In a little time, a profuse sweat broke out all over her. She fell off into a quiet sleep. When the physician came in the morning, he pronounced her much better, out of danger.

The nurse kept her own counsel, and I saw the woman not many days since, looking as strong and healthy as if she had never been snatched back from the jaws of the "grim monster" by an Irish blunder—brought back to life and health, "without the aid of a physician."

I have frequently known instances of rapid and permanent cures being effected by something that was *not in the bill*; and still, many people fail to take hints from these things, not having faith in means that are not attended with a good deal of *hocus pocus*, and wrapped up in mystery.

A friend had lain for a long time ill with fever, attended by constant and racking pains in the head, which all the "doctor's nostrums" had failed to relieve, and he had become reduced quite low.

A brass band passed under the window of the chamber where he lay, playing a lively, stirring tune. In an instant, as if by magic, the pain in his head had fled, as though it had been some evil spirit exorcised by the music, and from that hour his recovery was rapid.

A child of three, had been ill a long time, and become weak and emaciated. She had scarcely any appetite, and seemed fast sinking. As she lay in her little crib, one day, in the room where the table was being spread for a meal, she saw some peach pickles brought in, and asked for one.

"Oh, no!" was exclaimed by two or three voices. "She mustn't have one of those" "It won't do at all."

The child cried, and seemed so much agitated by the refusal of what she craved, it was feared that denial would prove worse for her than indulgence; so the desired article was given her. She ate it eagerly, and before it was finished, consented to eat a piece of bread with it also.

She certainly looked brighter, talked stronger, after she had partaken of this food, than before. All present remarked it. In a little time, she dropped off into a quiet sleep, from which she woke manifestly improved, and continued to grow better till she was fully recovered.

Now it is not to be supposed from these instances, that pickled peaches are a universal specific for weakness and want of appetite;

or music, for inveterate pain in the head; or cold water, for prostration by dysentery; yet people ought to watch these little indexes of nature, and learn a lesson from them.

## The Hearth-Stone, IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY LILLIAS M.

I sit by the fire, with dreamy gaze,  
For it 'minds me of happy, by-gone days,  
When a youthful group, and a merry one,  
Met gayly here when the day was done.

With cheeks all ruddy, and sun-embrowned,  
Fair brows, with truth and innocence crown'd,  
Each fresh, red lip, and sparkling eye,  
Grew brighter still as the hours flew by.

Loving the words of the happy band,  
Loving the clasp of each gentle hand;  
'Mid tales of mirth, the laugh was heard,  
Sweet as the tones of woodland bird.

To home's dear nest they gathered them in,  
To its shelter from care and strife and sin,  
The brave, bright youth, and maiden fair,  
Nestled with unfledged pinion there.

No bacchanal feast weighed down the board,  
But nuts were plenty, by young hands stored;  
Red apples glowed in the cheery blaze,  
And the white parched corn defied all praise.

No goblet with wine to the brim was filled;  
But pure, young hearts, were deeply thrilled,  
As some daring tale of high enterprise,  
Brought a kindred glow to soul and eyes.

Humble these joys, yet fraught with a bliss  
Unknown to the seeker for happiness;  
Lessons were learned that in after life  
Served to guide and guard 'mid wordly strife.

By the cheerful hearth-stone's glowing fire,  
Was kindled a flame that should ne'er expire,  
Till hope and life forever depart—  
'Twas lit on the altar of each young heart!

Swift years have sped—alone I gaze  
With tear-dimmed eyes, on the quivering blaze,  
Whose fitful gleam reveals the gloom  
Of the vacant, lonely, and silent room!

### DO AND DARE.

Do what conscience says is right;  
Do what reason says is best;  
Do with willing mind and heart;  
Do your duty, and be blest.

DARE forsake what you deem wrong;  
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;  
Dare to give where gifts belong;  
Dare God's precepts to obey.

## My Cogitations.

BY SARA A. WENTZ.

"Homely woman, isn't she?" I overheard one pretty young girl say to another, as I passed them on Broadway this morning. "O dear!" I inwardly exclaimed, I thought I was living alone in the world this morning: I was so exuberant with a sense of pleasure, and now for a moment, this stranger has prostrated me (metaphorically) with a feather; but I have fact and truth on my side, while she is controlled by mere appearances. Homely? yes, of course I know it, but I would rather forget it. I always felt as if our Lord had set me in a case that I did not like, and yet like all other homely people, I have often congratulated myself that I was not as ugly-looking as *that* woman. Indeed, (it is commendable to be outspoken with one's self) I have sometimes looked in the glass and discovered an indescribable agreeableness in my countenance, which it was strange did not fascinate others; it is true, I have latterly thought I must have been self-deceived. *I have given up!* Mrs. Stowe wonders what a woman comes to when she gives up. I have come to this point! I have reached a crisis wherein, with great strength of mind I say to myself, "Dorothea Miller, look the truth in the face, my dear, not in the back! you are fifty, and oh! how thankful you ought to be! You are not captivating, and how deeply sensible you should be that it is a mercy to you; because if you were, you would think of it a dozen times where you now think, Duty, duty, duty, what a beautiful institution it is!"

Like the immortal Watts, my ideas often flow forth in rhyme; so, interiorly, one day I said, "Duty makes beauty!" (Everything that is interesting about me happens out of sight; i. e., in my inner realm.) As I was idly humming this rhyme and paring potatoes in cousin Esther's kitchen, I was arrested by the philosophy of the idea. The evening before I had read, "A pious and cheerful spirit causes the most unattractive countenance to become beautiful."

"O, bah! what a fib!" I cried, throwing down the paper; religion is not worth much if it can't walk up to the cannon's mouth and tell the truth down to the last fota! Religion don't change the physique, and convert a squint-eyed man into a beauty, neither does it reduce the dimensions of an immense upper lip, or turn down a very skyward nose. Never did I feel in a more pious and cheerful frame

of mind than last week, after I had six of my front teeth extracted, preparatory to a new set, yet when I walked into the parlor, forgetting that my personal appearance was changed, and smiled in the full serenity of my content, cousin Esther fairly shrieked with laughter and exclaimed,

"You are a perfect fright!"

The baby was wild with terror. Just to think of the inherent viciousness of infancy, which was unable to perceive my pious temper in my face! Well, as I was saying, that paragraph that I read last evening, threw me into a very sarcastic humor, and from that I went on in some way to get provoked over a little meanness on cousin Esther's part, that I had scarcely noticed at the time; so attractive is ill humor that when fuel is not at hand, it carefully goes in search of it, and digs it up from a forgotten hole; this little meanness was Esther's remark above recorded. When, after two or three hard-working hours, I had got myself into a very unsatisfactory moral condition, I suddenly realized the exact process by which I had made myself uneasy. I must undo my work and repair the rent I had made in my religious character. I don't know what the reason is, but I am always careering towards saintship or subsiding into wickedness. I am serene, or I get mad over some arrangement, and if my organ of veneration were larger, or I were more prudent, I would not tell what had made me irritate on this evening; as I am talking to myself, I may as well be candid and say, I remarked interiorly, "Now I do not see why the Lord has not shown more justice in mundane affairs. Why has He made bad people handsome, and well-disposed persons like myself, ugly? Why must I carry my homeliness from the cradle to the grave? They have always said 'be good, be good.' What shall I be good for? They say, 'so that you will be prepared to die!'"

I fear I never shall be resigned to float about in a vapory state. I do object to, and protest against the orthodox state of things. There must be a mistake somewhere. Once when a child, a lady said to my Uncle John—

"That child is of a consumptive build!"

I bounded electrically into the horrors of darkness. And still I sometimes cry,

"Things are not right. I cannot abide them! I rebel!"

As I sat alone with the baby, cousin Esther having gone to a concert with her husband, I thought I might as well cry. So I did cry—



just as hard as I wanted to, and I felt like sunshine after it, and remarked,

"Pshaw! what have you been making such a fuss for, Dorothea? You knew better all the time! you had a consciousness that you were not talking to your best self. You have faith, a whole world of it. Now reverse the picture! lift your nature up that it may open and receive the reviving image of the Patient Lover of mankind. But first take the Holy Book to tone your spirit."

I opened the Testament and read upon the instant, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The passage flashed with light through all the arches, galleries and chambers of "the house I live in," and I hummed softly.

"I build my house of ceaseless cares:—  
My daily labors, great or small,  
Are pearly gates and golden stairs,  
That lead to Christ's own banquet hall."

"Yes," I murmured, "a spiritual *body*," it says. "Why have I been trying to make myself a martyr to the idea of vagueness and vapor? A body! how charming the thought! and what is more, 'we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye.' How swift the metamorphosis that takes us out of the natural body to live forever in the spiritual body. I turned over the leaves of the Bible and read, 'Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.'"

I admire consistency exceedingly, and yet I found myself falling into a life-long habit—I was veering round into a position exactly opposite to the one I had occupied an hour before. I took up the newspaper and read again, "A pious and cheerful spirit, &c.," and it was wonderful what a serenity diffused itself over me as I perused the whole article. I soliloquized at the close:—

"Now, Dorothea, the defect was in you! You did not look into this author's words from an angelic mood, consequently you failed to perceive the action of his mind. This is the way of it: he is a truly good man, and goodness to him is beauty, hence when he sees its expression in a human face, his far-sent look passes beyond the physical, and he beholds the eventual angel, which shines upon him and fills him with a vague sense of tenderness and grace."

I was very much delighted with this explanation, although there flitted across my mind the incredulous "Ha! ha! ha!" with which Esther's husband was apt to receive my last conclusions.

I had struggled for ten years to show Timothy that I was of a philosophical turn of mind, but he had so frequently asked me to square my statement of the other day with the one I was in the act of making, that I had given up argument and resorted to "because!" When "because" was worn out, I wound up with, "I said that *one* time, but I say *this* this time." Timothy's severe training had the effect to make me keep my best and sweetest thoughts to myself. Sometimes he said, "Dorothea, I should think a woman of your years would be less visionary! You are sound upon some questions!"

I seldom replied to such observations; but this is the way I would soliloquize:—"A woman of my years! Timothy Brown, if you knew me and my cogitations, you would be amazed at the length and breadth, and height and depth of my visionary propensity. And yet I am more truly practical than you and Esther. The other afternoon when Esther had her tea party, and the kettle would not boil, and the company were becoming depressed, did she not come out in the kitchen to me as I was putting chips under the refractory vessel, and say, 'Cousin Dorothea, do do something for those people, they are so stiff and solemn.' I reflected a moment with my hand to my brow, and then exclaimed, 'I'll take them out to that hill at the rear of the garden, and make them play tag. I'll pursue the fattest old gentleman up the hill and down again, and by the time he becomes lively, a sphere of exhilaration will pervade the rest.' She raised her hand dissenting, and out came Timothy, just as I was saying, 'we must adopt means to ends; the case is'—"

"Truly desperate!" he interrupted. "Dorothea, go right in! I must breathe and rest a moment here."

"Shall I fall down in the centre of the room?" I asked earnestly, "it would both startle and enliven them; it would produce a freer circulation; possibly cause"—here I found myself escorted by my two cousins to the very parlor door, which Timothy opened before retreating. It was so sudden that I could not act with premeditation, so I simply seated myself beside the fat old gentleman, who was very deaf, and screamed, "beautiful weather! Why didn't your wife come, Mr. Gilgal?"

"O no, not at all. I rarely get hungry!" was the answer, which embarrassed me to such a degree that I could only regain my composure by counting silently a thousand. I was dimly conscious that one or two persons spoke while



I was thus engaged. Had I been permitted by Esther to do as I had proposed, how useful and practical might have been the result! It might have started a new style of entertainment, which would not be so wearing upon the nervous system of hostess and guests. "A woman of my years!" those words are like a rod held over me to keep me from acting naturally. Now there are times when, strange as it may seem, I really feel as if frisking and capering would express my state of being. Do I do it? No, of course not, unless the curtains are down, and I am alone in the house with the baby. I am amenable to public opinion in my deportment; perhaps there are other ladies of fifty who are affected just as I am; poor souls! how sorry I am if they too feel as if they are walking in iron armor! But I don't believe they do, because I have often tried with the greatest subtlety and skill to ascertain whether they knew that they were anything but pains-taking elderly persons. They look at me so overwhelmingly, and quenchingly, with such a smile of incredulous superiority, that I shut the pearly gates of my thought to them, while I scan their faces with plying indulgence. I know that they are saying to themselves, "Visionary!" while I am saying, "Would that the 'honey of persuasion' could be dropt upon my lips, that they might paint for you the glories of the rising day!" They follow me with their eyes, mentally observing, "Isn't she a queer old maid? La! she'll never get married now! If she ever had any attractions, they are gone long since. She has been laid on the shelf these twenty years!" And what am I saying all this time?

"Would that I could reveal this abounding life, which is so eager to express itself, and yet sits so stilly in my breast! looking forward and waiting! Yes! I am Cinderella! my frock, (i. e., body) is getting ragged a little and worn out; it is not new any more, but I am a supramortal creature, a child of the skies, a disguised princess, walking with elastic step upon the earth, not knowing at what moment the disguise will be dropt off. Life presses together its sweetest flowers of presentiment, and often I inhale odors from the promised land. I go with jubilant heart to meet the record of approaching destiny. I hear the tinkle of delicate bells, and look up cheerily every time I have to take up a homely duty. Shall I ever meet "old age?" One is expected to sail across the ocean of life, and anchor upon the square rocks of judgment and propriety, looking "superior

down" upon all the freaks of youth; to be sure, I should be very wretched if made to commit all those freaks over, but the spirit of careless fun that was the cause of them, I claim as still my especial property, having never relinquished it, only driven it back at times when I was busy with other things. When I have time, and have removed an incubus in the shape of various wickednesses, the bird of joy will be let loose to carol down the sunny ages his triumphal notes.

Once I looked up to the Great Controller with unloving awe; then I saw tenderness in the face of Christ the Lord; then I shrank from, and alternately prayed to the Powerful Disposer. Now I turn to Him as the warming central fire of life, and gleams of beauty and delight glint upon me from His radiant face. I dare go to him with my laughter and my tears; I dare open to his benignant gaze all the doors of my heart. It is sweet to look up to Him without affectation, without an induced preparation of solemnity. Ah! the solemn sounds come often enough rolling towards me from the fields of life.

"Laid on the shelf these twenty years!" Was there ever an hallucination at once so gigantic and grotesque? I was decidedly older at sixteen than I am now; that innocent period was a most affected and artificial time with me; it was the critical epoch when I said things for effect, and they wouldn't take effect, which plunged me in direful gloom. Did I learn sense from that, and ascertain that people did not trouble themselves about what I said and did? Did I seek that simplicity which is supposed to be indigenous to the youthful mind? Not at all! With the gloom which seizes the unappreciated in my breast, I strove to appear as if I were in a halcyon condition. Could I make such superhuman exertions to be opaque now? No! it would be too fatiguing. I knew that "sixteen" was "the place where the laugh ought to come in," and I would try to laugh anyhow. No one but myself knows what I underwent in trying to be a "youthful Hebe, with not a wish ungratified, with not a ripple to mar her placid happiness."

Ripple! what do novel writers mean by deluding the young so? Poor things! I am glad I have navigated past that trying time. I don't require myself to be "lively" now, unless I am in the humor. I don't go to bed and cry after having affected merriment with a bevy of girls, who laughed insupportably at an incredibly small-sized joke. What did I cry for? I didn't know then; I know now. I

was simply young; that was all that ailed me. I had no idea what a delicious and gorgeous thing it was to be a human being, with a thousand-sided nature, reaching towards the primal splendors of Paradise. I did not see the overarching sky of love under which I now walk; I did not see the tender dawns of innocence that rise over the face of angelhood.

"Like the swell of some sweet tune  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides outward into June."

So I say to my heart, I am gliding into this stately and glorious June. Ah! I know it, though if I were to speak it to the practical ladies above mentioned, they would only indulge in puzzled smiles, and wonder where I would find the Fountain of Immortal Youth. Where, indeed, if not beside the crystal streams, the hills, the green pastures, the golden-streeted cities of the upper country?

Did I ever have a "communication" from there? No! nothing of the kind; and yet the instinct of the bird does not waft it from a wintry clime to a summer-land, more surely than I believe I am being wafted to the sunny shores of yonder El Dorado. Am I not presumptuous and over hopeful? Yes! I think I must be, but the consideration does not take out of my being the joy of confidence and exultation. If I need discipline there, I shall accept it as the bread of life which is to sustain me until my hand touches the gate of the promised Eden. And yet do I not love to walk this "vale of tears?" Who more? It is a radiant place, written all over with faint symbols of the "world to come." It is my school, which is to prepare me for my travels in that wondrous land before me. Would I cross the sea and enter the precious-stoned temples ere my King and Teacher gave the sign? Ah no! But there is a dear and simple philosophy that can link each day with yonder future. Mr. Beecher has discovered that there is a potent alchemy in doing what we do not want to do. For example, if I inflexibly sweep my room, instead of reading something interesting—if I go to Aunt Jemima's and try to amuse her an hour, instead of sitting in my room reading and studying, do I not find myself introduced into an airy and delightful atmosphere of real life? I do, certainly, and the greater the effort, the more enchanted I am that I did it. Sometimes I say,

"O fie, I am tired of trudging this treadmill round of household cares; breakfast, dinner

and tea; the eating is not so bad as the ceaseless cooking. Where will my higher nature find any nourishment? Will this kettle of coffee, and this horrid stick of wood I am putting in the stove, cultivate my æsthetic tastes?"

When I work in this spirit there is an absence of sunshine; but when I say, "I do this for the sake of the *sweet forevermore*," a golden rain baptizes me, and the rainbow of the covenant shines athwart the sky: everything goes to a happy, light-hearted measure, and I could kiss the hourly path in which I walk, because it is the very one through which I *must* be led to reach my destination; then a vision comes to me as I look upon Esther's tender face as she quiets her child. I see her translated and robed in beauty, because through the days of time, she sought to become like the pure in heart. I see Timothy, good and manly, beside her, free from earthly cares, and with faults subdued. A hallowed light envelops the home-group, everything coarse and mean glides from view, and grandeur encircles our lot; it is mingled with softness and awe.

Would I dare now to utter a discontented word? Would I dare now to fling a shadow of evil upon a spirit near me? They and I are, living and working for the Great Hereafter, and from thence the hiding clouds are often blown to admit rejoicing breaks of light. "The coal from the altar" penetrates with dawning opal the walls of sense, and shines with the splendor of flame upon the words which read, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

The other day when I was showing Esther how to embroider, it was on the tip of my tongue to say, "Ah, dear, won't it be delightful when we sit together in heaven, and ultimate designs of grace and beauty?" I did not say it, because Esther thinks I am visionary; but she looked sweeter to me for the thought; she will enter the palace some fair day, albeit she dreads it now, Christian though she is. She will find that Zion is the perfection of beauty, and that He who shines there is more indulgent than she now believes. Our little field of duty is even now the garden of the Lord, and we are culling the rarest flowers to bear away to that pure, tropical clime that I call home.

BLESSINGS.—"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said some one to an ancient philosopher; to whom the latter replied, "It is a greater blessing still not to desire what one does not possess."

## Hannah Cline,

### AN EPISODE IN HER DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH.

"There is a button off your coat, dear," said

weary looking Hannah Cline, in a conciliating tone, as her gruff husband entered the little sitting-room one Saturday morning, when she was sweeping and arranging that plainly furnished apartment.

"I'll sew it on as soon as I get through this work—sit down and rest, won't you? you look tired."

But the gentle words had no effect in soothing the irritated temper, and he replied in a tone he would not, or ought not to have used to his dog,

"Humph! wonderful, aren't you? that button's been off this two months, and you pretend not to have seen it before—and as for buttons on my shirts, I haven't had one on since the day I can remember. My mother used to say, 'a stitch in time saves nine,' and she didn't preach without practicing either—the elbows and knees in her children's clothes didn't go without mending from one week's end to another as mine have to now—I shall need to have some new clothes pretty soon just for the want of a few stitches—these might have lasted all winter. There isn't a dirty clothopper walks the streets has to go looking as I do." Then he stopped to take breath.

Hannah Cline stood a moment with her chin resting on the end of her broom-handle and her eyes bent upon the floor; she didn't look surprised, for she was used to such words as these; she didn't look angry either, but there was a dreamy look in her face, and as her thoughts went back to the peaceful home of her childhood, tears came awakening her to the reality of the present. "How long, oh my God, how long!" were the words that came into her heart, and her lips opened to utter them, but she choked them back this time as she had many a time before. "But I shall say it some-time, I know I shall, aloud, I can't hold on much longer; this continual fretting and fault-finding is wearing the life out of me. Do I need this trial to purify me? Can it be possible?"

This mental struggle over—her head bowed wearily upon her bosom. "Not as I will but as thou wilt, only bring me and those I love to thy rest at last."

These were her feelings now, but she could not always command them. Sometimes she felt angry and rebellious, and again, such

a sense of injustice would crush her, she felt grieved and sad, and she thought how different it *might* be—ah, yes.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—it *might* have been."

Not long after this morning salutation, Hannah Cline was called to the bedside of her dying mother, who was slowly passing away with consumption. She had expected the summons for a long time, and had put forth all her efforts to prepare everything, from wardrobe to cellar, that she thought would aid the comfort of her husband during her absence.

Not one word of encouragement or consolation did he give her as week after week passed away, and the constant wife divided her time between her own and her mother's home, but these were his words as the death knell at last came sounding in her ears:—

"I'm thankful for one thing, that is, that I don't belong to a race that are forever dying; everything about the house is going to rack for want of somebody to take hold that isn't forever gadding—going all day and up all night—and these children getting into the same habits—there won't be anything left of us but street-yarn, pretty soon—I guess I'll take off these stockings *now*!" And he held up the worn and soiled things to full view.

"Why George!" his wife said, "you surely haven't worn those stockings all the time I've been gone, have you?"

"Worn 'em? I guess so—what should I wear? with nobody that takes care of my things. I never pretend to put on a pair of whole stockings—and this wrapper, you can take the rest of it for carpet rags if there is a piece big enough—and there is that second best black coat got perfectly shabby because it couldn't be mended!"

"Why, my husband!"

"Don't be husbanding me, I tell you!"

"Well, George Cline, then; I repaired that coat thoroughly the week I went away—I left you three pairs of mended stockings and two pairs of new ones—and two new wrappers, so that you couldn't miss of having a change as often as you needed it, and I told you where they were, see," as she opened the drawer containing the untouched garments.

"Didn't know anything about them; I have to go ragged so much, I supposed I must."

One day, when he came from a neighbor's who was noted for his austerity in his family, he said, with a conclusive nod of the head,

"Mr. Phelps, I can tell you, 'runs' his own shanty at the table, Mrs. Phelps wasn't putting

in her blab all the time—she said enough to show that she could talk if necessary—but she gave her husband a chance to take the lead in conversation. And the children didn't speak a word during the meal. If they needed anything they were helped without consulting their preferences."

"It is a model family, no doubt," rejoined the wife, rather too ironically, "but I wonder how the children knew when they had enough. I suppose Mr. Phelps informed them when their appetites were satisfied."

"Yes, that he did; when Johnny had eaten what was given him, his father told him to take a seat by the window, and he didn't wink or blink either as long as I staid. If I had such a wife as he's got I should have such children too—when I gave them orders she wouldn't allow them to be disobeyed."

Poor wife! poor children! what could they say? how did they feel? Ah, they could learn to *bear*, but they were taught by hard lessons—so hard, how gladly would I have folded them all in my arms away from the evil—but that were an impossibility, they must bear it alone—this suffering from which their sensitive natures shrank.

A happy home was what Hannah Cline craved most of all things on earth—and her social and affectionate nature rendered her capable of performing her part well as wife and mother—but had this great blessing been granted her—she might have forgotten in its enjoyment, to render unto God the homage due to him. Thus she believed as time progressed, and while she learned to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done," she became a true wife, a true mother and a true Christian, exerting that happy influence upon the character of her children which would aid them to become blessings in the world.

We will not be so unjust to George Cline as to say that the unhappy side of his character was always turned towards his family—there were pleasant moods—bright spots—when the sunshine of good nature made the whole house, from mother to wee baby, very glad for its presence, but these were rare, and becoming of shorter duration; but as it is sometimes "darkest before day," we will leave them here with a hope that there may yet be a dawning.

Oh my sisters, who have kind, loving companions, willing to pass by your faults—willing to aid your growth in everything good and lovely, you know not the life-trials of such as Hannah Cline. You may have your sorrows, such as the Father is using to lead you to Him,

but you know not the heart-aching, the soul-craving, the burning, the withering, which angry, unloving words will bury in your deepest heart, and when you find such a one, whether a word of her suffering escape her, or you see its lines upon her face, go to her with gentle acts and words of love—never widen a breach—rather help to restore and point to Him who will strengthen to bear. So "bear ye one another's burdens," that when your hour of final judgment comes you may hear the approving words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

## Died at Sea.

BY FANNY FALES.

The Master called—his home far o'er the deep  
He could not reach, ere he must pass away;  
He knew fond eyes would o'er the tidings weep,  
"Died at Sea"—and hearts ache many a day.

In dreams he saw the cottage on the hill,  
The bright waves breaking in an anthem near;  
The pleasant fields his young hands used to till,  
His mother's face—all sights and sounds so dear.

He wandered where the wild grapes throw their  
arms,  
In heavy clusters 'round the oak and pine;  
And where the beech-plums show their ruby charms,  
And tiny shells mid tangled rock-weed shine.

The Master called—and oh, may not we trust  
He was content the summons to obey;  
The Master, merciful as well as just,  
Ne'er from the contrite spirit turned away.

The mother's loving hand no more will rest  
Upon the bright locks of her darling boy,  
But, in that country where the weary rest,  
May not she clasp him to her heart with joy?

The winds bear sounds of weeping thro' the land,  
The waves are burdened with laments to me  
Of *Mara's*, oh how large the stricken band  
Who feel the anguish in this—"Died at Sea."

## Death.

BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

Beautiful angel! ah! tarry no longer,  
See! I am waiting and pining for thee.  
In this dark dungeon why must I continue?  
Open the portals, and let me be free!

Lonely and sad I have looked for thy coming,  
As the tired wanderer on the wild sea,  
Watches to catch the first glimpse of the headland,  
Telling of home, and the green household tree.



Morn, in her diamond-decked beauty rejoicing,  
Speaks of another—more glorious—to come.  
Leaves, in the soft hush of noon, whisper gently,  
Tidings of those who have passed away, home.

Night, with her star-spangled mantle wrapped  
round her,

Brings heavenly music;—far distant, yet near.  
Voices departed are calling me upward,  
Death! gentle messenger! would thou wert here!

But I can wait through long years for thy coming;  
In thine embrace, with thy sweet balmy kiss,  
I shall then rise, toil here being ended,  
To join those beloved ones in mansions of bliss.

PHILADELPHIA, 1861.

## Nothing but Money.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XV.

It was just one week after Doctor Hofland and his wife had taken their step downward, as to external things, but upward, as to the internal. They were alone, sitting in the plain little room on the second floor, which they now called their parlor. The mental discipline, humiliations and anxieties through which they had passed, left on each the sober hues of thought. But, there was nothing of unhappiness—nothing of complaint visible on their countenances.

"I received an account of sales, to day," said the Doctor, as he laid a folded paper on the table.

"Did you?" Expectation lit up the countenance of Mrs. Hofland—expectation, in which suspense, and a shade of anxiety, were visible.

"Yes, and the result is better than I had any good reason to anticipate."

"Oh Edward! What a relief!" Tears glistened in Lena's eyes.

The Doctor opened the paper, and running down his eyes to the last footing of a series of long columns of figures, said—

"The sum realized is twenty-seven hundred and eighty-one dollars; within two hundred dollars of all I owe."

"My dear husband! I am happier this hour than I have been for years!" Drops of gladness fell over Lena's cheeks. "Thank God for showing us the right path, and for giving us courage to walk in it!"

"Thank God, I say, for so brave, so true, so self-denying a wife!" responded the Doctor, as he caught Lena's hand and pressed it against his heart, where her head was lying a moment afterwards. "I was not strong enough, standing alone, for this," he added. "If you had

faltered, our feet would still be in difficult ways—our sky clouded—our hearts in trouble. But now, there is no longer any fear. The way is plain before us. The sky is sunny. I can lift a brave head—I can look every man I meet steadily in the face. Oh, freedom! freedom! It is worth any struggle—any sacrifice. What joy is there in a large house; in pictures; in costly furniture; in the possession of rare books, the leaves of which are not turned once in a year; in gloss and ornament, if a nightmare of debt lies ever on the constricted bosom? How blind, how weak, how irrational I have been! I wonder and am ashamed of myself."

"The lesson is for all time," said Mrs. Hofland, smiling through tears of gladness, that still trembled in her eyes. "We shall not make this error again."

"Never again, Lena!" answered her husband. "What with one hand we take from the world, shall be paid for by the other. If our means are small, we will restrict our wants. Debt shall be an unknown element in our home economy. As for things of taste and ornament—now departed—they will be restored in time, and speak to our souls a higher and truer language than before. This discipline and self-denial, if rightly borne, will open our minds more interiorly, and give them a truer knowledge of the use that lies in the beautiful. Hitherto, a covetous desire to possess has depraved, with me, all love of art; and so robbed me of the higher delights it might have given. I see this clearly, and must strive against and overcome that evil in the mind which has been pronounced idolatry."

"And so," said Lena, "we are not really going down, but ascending in life. This change of position, is not a fall, but a rise. If we see in a clearer atmosphere, and have a more extended vision, we must be at a higher elevation than before."

"We are, Lena. Our embarrassing relations with the world were as clogs, holding us down. The soul sat, groveling, among the meaner things of life; its vision clouded, its strength impaired. Thought dwelt more in the outward than the inward—in customs, usages, appearances, opinions and the like. But, in acting as we have done, from a principal of right and justice, we have emancipated ourselves. The thought of how this and that will appear, is removed, and questions of right or wrong must now determine our actions. This is freedom; this is growth; this is the soul's true order of existence."



So they talked concerning their newly assumed relation to the world; and while they thus talked, this new relation formed the theme of remark in another household. Let us pass to that of Adam Guy, the merchant.

"Our fast friends have gone over the precipice, as I predicted long ago." There was a gleam of satisfaction in Adam's cold eyes as he thus spoke to his wife.

"To whom do you refer?" asked Mrs. Guy, rousing herself from a state of moody discontent in which she had been sitting for some time.

"Doctor Hoffland and his wife." There was as much pleasure in his voice as in his eyes.

"What of them?" Mrs. Guy was all interest now.

"The Doctor had a night's experience in jail a week or two ago."

"More the shame for you!" was answered caustically. "I never could have believed that of Adam Guy."

"Believed what?"

"That you would have abandoned an old friend in such an extremity. Ninety dollars! It will be remembered against you!"

"Indeed!" Spoken contemptuously. "And by whom?"

"People lay up these things."

"People! Pah! What do I care for people, one half of whom I can buy and sell?" And Guy snapped his fingers scornfully.

"What were you going to say about the Hofflands?" asked Lydia, a feeling of disgust hindering any further remark in the direction her husband's thoughts were moving.

"I said, they had gone over the precipice at last; and no one cares, I reckon. People of their style don't make many substantial friends."

"Why don't they?"

"Fast living and fast friendship are incompatible things. Your eternal borrower wears out his welcome. You sit uneasily beside a friend whose thought is on your purse, rather than on the theme in which he affects an interest. I know. But the Doctor has found his level at last, and I'm glad of it."

"What has happened to him?"

"You remember that little bird box in which they first lived?"

"Yes."

"His sign is on the door again."

"Doctor Hoffland's?"

"Doctor Hoffland's. I passed there to-day, and read it with my own eyes. People who stand too high, are apt to fall. I saw, long

ago, what the end would be. That night in jail did the work for him, I've no doubt. Creditors are a scary kind of people; when one of their number pounces down on a poor unfortunate, they are apt to follow on swift wings, so as to be in at the death. They've made short work with the Doctor; that's plain. Ha! ha! How it must have surprised him! Well. Let every tub stand on its own bottom, I say. Doctor Hoffland has no more right to live off of other people, than your common pickpocket."

"Don't, don't, Adam! I can't bear to hear you talk so about the Doctor. He may have been imprudent; but to compare him with a common pickpocket, is an outrage."

"There's no difference." Guy spoke in a kind of savage ill-nature. "The Doctor's better education increases his responsibility. Men of his class are the respectable pickpockets of society; and what is more in regard to them, their victims are often so tied hand and foot, by friendships, consanguinities, social relations, or sympathies, that resistance is impossible. Your footpad or burglar may be shot down; but these decent-faced robbers hold you gently by the hand, and pour honeyed words into your ears, while they rifle your purse. You understand it all, but can make no resistance. I'm always pleased when society spots them, writing rogue on their backs. It has done so in Hoffland's case, and I am glad of it."

Mrs. Guy did not answer, but turned herself partly away from her husband, bending close down over some needlework on which she was employed.

"I don't want you to go there," said Guy, who, after finishing his conclusive declaration against his old friend, waited to hear what answer his wife would make. He knew that she had still a warm side towards Lena and her husband—though, through his management, social intercourse had long ago ceased—and uttered his sweeping condemnations more for the sake of annoying her than anything else. He saw from her manner that he had made no impression whatever against her friends, and that grief at their misfortune was the only sentiment stirring in her heart. Remembering how, on learning the danger which threatened the Doctor a week or two before, she had yielded to the impulse, that, but for his interference, would have borne her with swift feet as a comforter to Lena, he had uttered the brief interdiction at the commencement of this paragraph.

"Go where?" asked Mrs. Guy. Her thin, pale lips, closed tightly as the words left them. Her eyes were steady—her brows knit.

"To Dr. Hoffman's." The answer was emphatic. Adam saw down into his wife's thoughts. He was quick-sighted in all that came in opposition to his will or wishes.

"If you choose to desert a friend in misfortune, I shall not." Mrs. Guy's utterance was slow, and her tones resolute. "I am going to call on Lena."

"Indeed you are not." There was a quick, short rattle in the voice of Adam Guy.

"We will bandy no words, Adam. You heard what I said." Mrs. Guy's tone was unflinching.

"I command you not to go!" Passion swept him away into a brutal violence of manner.

"And I shall disobey your command, because you have no right to lay it on me." Mrs. Guy's color mounted, and her eyes flashed. He had struck the smarting spur too deeply.

"You are my wife, madam!"

"Not your slave, sir!"

They glared at each other for a few moments, in angry defiance.

"Go at your peril, madam," said Guy, in a husky, threatening voice.

"At a thousand perils, I will go!" The poor, weak frame of Mrs. Guy was beginning to tremble under the pressure of excitement; but her spirit was strong. Contempt of her husband's mean, cruel, selfish spirit, more of which was apparent to her in his sentences than any reader can perceive, made her spurn his unwarrantable interdiction, as though it were a child's command. "Content yourself with deserting a friend in trouble; but don't ask me to do the same."

"Silence! I won't have such language." The foot of Adam Guy struck the floor with a quick jar.

"As you please," was answered, and Lydia, who had turned towards her husband, turned herself away again, and bent down once more over her needlework; but her hands trembled so that she could not make the stitches, and so she let them fall idly in her lap.

Money is a great power. Out in the world, and among men, its selfish possessor feels himself to be a little emperor in his sphere. He says to this man, "Go," and he goeth; and to that man, "Come," and he cometh; and few there be who set themselves in opposition to

his will. He feels that money has invested him with personal consequence, and that from this comes obedience and complaisance; while the truth is, men flow in with his conceits, his plans, his arbitrary will, even, in the hope of advantage. The man himself is nothing. Abstract the money, and he will be of little more account than a sucked orange. It is at home that these mere money-men find the current of their lives obstructed—here, that baffling winds flutter among the sails of their goodly ships, and bear them back from promised havens. Women and children are not so easily managed; particularly when the rich father and husband, not only withholds too much, but exacts too much. He is dealing outside of his dwelling, with material interests; inside, with human souls. Love of gain, of power, of place—all these are potent ministers on the outside; but, on the inside, "I won't," and "I will," clamor against him with an undying persistence. He is not wise enough to govern these home elements, and so sets them at defiance. Unceasing war is the consequence—war kept up to the very last. The children gird on their armor, and learn to handle sword and spear even from the beginning. As they grow older, they gain skill and strength, and the time comes, always, sure as fate, when the battle turns in their favor. But alas! what wreck, what ruin, what desolation, mark the way, and the final victory is but a final disaster to all!

Great as Mr. Guy found the power of money on the outside, inside of his home, the daily conviction grew upon him that he was losing power. His will, yielded to in the beginning, was often now disputed, the ground being maintained on the part of his wife, with a persistence and success that made him feel bitter against her. In the present contest, he was in opposition to the stronger elements. The misfortunes had come upon Lena's old friend, and this so quickened the sentiment of love, that her husband's opposition only fanned it into a blaze. She must see Lena, and the hand of Adam Guy was not strong enough to hold her back. If she sat with fingers too weak to carry the needle—silent, shrinking, and trembling in nervous exhaustion—her will did not give way for an instant. Her heart was drawing her towards Lena with the old strong impulses, and she meant to go as she had said. Comprehending the height and depth, the length and breadth of consequences, Adam Guy had power to visit on her head, she was ready in this cause to brave them. Many

feelings that once writhed in anguish when his foot trampled on them ruthlessly, now gave no response. They were dead—to him. The bond which united them was external only. Internally, there was repulsion instead of attraction, and aversion instead of love.

No further word passed between Lydia and her husband during the evening. Guy sat for most of the time with brows drawn down, and mouth shut tightly, musing, scheming, pondering, and miserable, as he almost always felt when at home—for only at home did he find his will thwarted, and his commands set at naught. Lydia passed the hours as she usually passed them, with busy hands, and oppressed feelings. All the outreaching impulses and wants of her woman's nature, had been crushed back, and lay bruised, broken, and helpless, against her heart, that ached, and ached, with a dull, deep, unmitigated pain. Poor wife! The pleasant children which had been born to hope, in the far away years when life and love threw hues of rosy promise on the future, had long ago passed through fire to the golden moloch set up by her husband, and were dead! Mourning them, her spirit refused to be comforted, but sat, tear-eyed and white-faced, in Rachel-like sorrow. Alas, poor wife! Time can never restore these lost ones. They have faded from the earth, and will return no more.

## CHAPTER XVI.

On the day afterwards, Mrs. Guy called, as she had purposed, to see her old friend. It was a long time since they had met face to face; and over two years since their last exchange of formal visits. Her heart was now full of sympathy, pity, and tender interest. The misfortune of Lena had awakened old feelings, that came back upon her like a flood. When she reached the pleasant little house, standing modestly back from the street, in which, years gone by, she had passed many sweet hours with this dear friend, it looked so poor and small in contrast with her own spacious and elegant home, that she could not repress a sigh for Lena, as she entered through the gate and moved down the box-bordered walk leading to the door. Her hand trembled as she raised it to the bell and gave a timid ring.

"Is Mrs. Hoffand at home?"

"Yes ma'am," answered the tidily dressed servant, who admitted her to the Doctor's office.

"Walk up stairs."

"Mrs. Guy hesitated."

"Walk up to the parlor, if you please,

ma'am." And the girl conducted Mrs. Guy along the narrow passage and stairway to the front room in the second story.

"What name shall I say, ma'am?" The servant's manner was cheerful and intelligent. Mrs. Guy handed her a card, and she retired. Nearly five minutes passed before Lena made her appearance, and in that time, Mrs. Guy had opportunity to note each article in the room. How mean and meagre every thing looked. The carpet was faded and threadbare, and the scant furniture plain and out of fashion. Only two small pictures hung on the walls, and they were portraits. A pair of china match boxes, and a small gilt candelabra, composed the mantel ornaments. A pair of painted shades, considerably worn, tempered the light at the windows. How painfully all this contrasted itself in the mind of Mrs. Guy, with the attractive surroundings which, on her last visit, made so pleasant the home of Lena. She remembered the choice books and pictures; the statuettes and objects of taste, innumerable, with which her husband had made beautiful their dwelling. Ah, how sad a fall had come!

In the midst of her reverie, Mrs. Guy heard the footsteps of her friend, and rose to meet her. In the moments of intervening suspense, her heart almost stood still. She had pictured a pale, sad, wasted, and despondent countenance; an almost hopeless being with whom she could weep, but offer few words of comfort.

The door opened. Was that bright face, over which smiles were sporting with each other; those eyes, brimming with a loving welcome; the face and eyes of Lena Hoffand? Yes, even so.

"Why, Lydia! This is indeed a pleasure!" and she came forward quickly, grasping the hand of her old friend, and kissing her with a heart-warmth that made the sluggish blood leap in new impulses along her veins.

"Dear Lena!" said Mrs. Guy, as they sat down, side by side, holding tightly each other's hands, "I cannot tell you how deeply this misfortune has touched me. I only heard of it last night, and it put sleep far from me."

"What misfortune, dear?" The sober hue that fell over the countenance of Mrs. Hoffand, did not by any means extinguish the sunbeams.

Mrs. Guy glanced, meaningly, about the poorly furnished room.

"Oh, yes. I understand you. But, there has been no misfortune, Lydia. This change is wholly voluntary, and marks an ascent, not a descent in our fortunes."

Mrs. Guy looked wonderingly into Lena's face. She did not understand her.

"Voluntary, Lena?" she questioned.

"Yes, dear; entirely so."

The eyes of Mrs. Guy went wandering around the room again, and then came back to the face of her friend.

"I do not understand it," she said, shaking her head in a grave, doubting way.

"Oh, I can make it all clear. But first put off your bonnet, and lay aside your shawl. You must make me a good visit. It is so long since you were here."

"My heart has been with you, Lena. An old friend is worth a dozen new ones," returned Mrs. Guy, as she drew off her bonnet.

Then they sat down again, side by side, and hand in hand.

"Tell me about this change, Lena. It troubles me," said Mrs. Guy.

And now, the face of Mrs. Hoffman grew sober, as thought went back to the painful trials out of which she had just come.

"We were in debt, Lydia," she answered.

"Neither the Doctor nor I have looked as closely to the relation between income and outgo, as prudence requires. Our tastes led our thoughts too much away from the homely economies of life, and the result was, embarrassment. Some rough experiences opened our eyes to the wrong and folly of all this, and we made up our minds to go back a little, and make a new start in the world. So, we gave up our house in Charles street, sold off every article that we could do without, paid our debts, and snuggled ourselves away in this cosy little place. It was large enough for happiness once, and we still find it so again. The burden of debt being removed, our hearts beat to a lighter measure. No, dear, it was not misfortune that brought us here, but honest independence. If the change works any social alienations, they will not hurt us; for we dwell too much in the real things of life to be affected by any new adjustment of its unreal things. We look more to hearts than faces. To-day has brought me a sweet compensation."

Lena paused, looking tenderly into her friend's face—

"What, Lena?"

"Your return, darling." Tears sprang into her eyes. "My heart has always held you as a precious thing, Lydia. The old love has never grown dim—cannot grow dim—cannot die. If we have seemed to stand coldly apart, there has been no coldness with me. Circumstance, not interior change, has come between

us. I always felt that this was so; and now I know it. To get back an old friend, Lydia, is to gain more than I have lost."

Touched deeply by this, the heart of Lydia gushed in tears from her eyes. She had come, trying in her weakness, to gather up strength to support Lena in the hour of darkness and trial; but Lena was strong, and brave, and cheerful. The storm, which, in her fear, had brought desolation to the heart of an old friend, had swept by without harm. The garden of her mind had not lost a green leaf, nor a fragrant blossom. Before this calm strength, her own spirit bowed in tearful weakness. Strong to comfort, a little while before, she was nerveless now.

"And how is it with you, Lydia?" asked Mrs. Hoffman, as she looked more closely at her friend, whose pale, thin face, suggested bad health and a mind ill at ease.

Tears filled the eyes of Lydia again; her lips quivered as she tried to answer. Then she hid her face against Lena, and struggled with the rising tide. A few strong sobs shook her wasted frame.

"Dear friend!" murmured Lena, kissing her forehead, "God comforts; God strengthens."

But, there was no reply.

"It was not good for us to have held apart from each other so long," murmured Lena.

"Oh, no, no, it was not good. But it was my fault, not yours," answered Lydia, "and mine has been the loss. While you have grown stronger in the life-battle, I have grown weaker—weaker—weaker. I thought you had suffered misfortune, and came to offer the love and sympathy that was in my heart; but find you brave and cheerful. Earthly storms cannot shatter the fair temple your soul has builded—earthly clouds cannot darken its windows, Lena! With you is the beauty of life, with me its desolation!"

"No, no, my friend; do not say that," replied Lena. "There is beauty for all—peace for all."

"Not for me," was sadly responded—"not for me. I have lost my way in the world, and something tells me that I shall never find it again—never."

"Dear Lydia! How strangely you talk. Do not let such thoughts haunt your soul. Tormenting spirits have gained access to your mind and afflict you with their dark suggestions. Look up, up, to God who is the comforter, the enlightener, the sustainer. He will make a plain way for you? He will strike rifts in the cloud; He will bring you peace."

"Not in this world, Lena." Mrs. Guy raised her head, and turned a pale face, over which a strong calm had fallen, upon her friend. "Not in this world, Lena." She repeated the sentence in a steady voice.

"He will, He will; but you must look up."

"I cannot, Lena."

"Oh, my friend, the promise is to every one. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. We cannot fall into any state of mind beyond God's reach and sympathy. He came down to man's lowest extremity. We cannot be in any suffering, or darkness, or temptation, through which He did not pass in the Incarnation, and out of which He cannot lift us. He knows our sorrows; He is acquainted with our grief—for into his human consciousness He received all possible human suffering, and by subduing the evil from which it flowed, changed sorrow into joy, and grief into gladness."

"It may be so, Lena; but I have lost my way, and cannot find it again. You have one to lean upon—I stand alone. You have a husband—I am worse than widowed. Dear friend!—bear with me a little, and hear me speak as I never thought to speak in the ear of living mortal. Delicacy, honor, right—all, all, oppose my speech—yet, only in utterance now, can my poor heart be saved from palsy. The sweetness of your life, as I see it now, has made me feel, more painfully, the bitterness of my own. Lena, my soul is imprisoned and starving; and only death can give it release. Adam has shut the door and turned the key."

"Oh, Lydia! Don't talk so. I shall think your mind wandering."

A strange gleam shot across Lydia's wan face—a strange light flashed in her eyes. Mrs. Hoffland felt a cold shudder run to her heart. The suggestion was unfortunate.

"I should not wonder if it went wholly astray," said Mrs. Guy, mournfully. "Women have lost their reason through lighter suffering than mine."

"This is not well, dear," answered Lena. "Let us be strong and brave—let us endure and be patient. God's better time will come. Out of much tribulation the saints go upward, at last, white robed and rejoicing."

But Lydia shook her head slowly and sadly, and drawing a little away, said—"If you will not hear me, well, I can keep silent though my heart break."

Instantly Lena threw an arm around her friend. "Dear Lydia! say on. Speak to me as if I were a sister—nay, nearer and dearer

than a sister. I hold you in my heart. Your life is precious to me. It is not well with my friend; there is darkness in her soul—her feet are moving along uncertain ways. How is it? Why has the night fallen so soon? Why have her steps wandered?"

"I have no husband, Lena!" The tones struck sharply on the ears of Mrs. Hoffland. "There is a man, named Adam Guy, who promised to be my husband; a man to whose soul my soul sought to wed itself. But, he has turned from my love and bound himself to another."

"Lydia!" Mrs. Hoffland was shocked.

"It is even so, my friend. Human love has died out of him. Gold is his bride."

Mrs. Guy was silent for a time, and then went on. "With Adam, money is the greatest good. Its love has crushed out all other loves. Husband, father, friend, in their true signification—these are no more. Avarice has supplanted them. And I am a woman, Lena; a woman, and bound to this man—hopelessly bound. His wife, in law, and the mother of his children; but, of no account in his eyes in comparison with money. Can a woman bear this? Can a woman's heart beat against a heart of gold, and not be hurt at every pulsation? I tell you no, Lena—no—no—no! There may be those of our sex who, thus conditioned, would compensate or revenge themselves by license, or undying contention; but these are not true women. A true woman must love; rob her of this necessity of her nature, and you darken her whole life, as mine is darkened."

"Dear friend!" said Mrs. Hoffland, drawing an arm tightly around Lydia, "you have children. There is mother-love as well as wife-love."

"Children! Yes, I have children!" The tones of Mrs. Guy's voice gave Lena another shock.

"Children!" she continued, bitterly—"Have not the lion's whelps the lion's tooth?—Yes, I have children; or, more truly speaking, a cage of young wild beasts, perpetually struggling against each other, in whom the animal nature grows stronger every day. I grow weaker and weaker, in contention. A little while, and they will devour me."

"Lydia, this is dreadful! You are talking wildly. It cannot be so." Mrs. Hoffland pushed her friend away, and looked anxiously into her face. She feared the glare of insanity. But, though the eyes of Lydia were tearless and fixed, they gave back intelligent glances.



"I am talking in sober earnest, Lena. It is even as I have said. My children, as they grow older, grow more and more away from my influence. Adam, who is like his father in everything, sets himself against me so resolutely, that I am often powerless in my efforts to move him. If his father is present, an appeal against my authority is generally conclusive. The boy is both avaricious and cruel, and I see these evils gaining strength daily. All that I can do, is like beating the wind. John is forever in contention with Adam, and they are growing to hate each other. Lydia, throws herself in mad antagonism against her brothers, and takes more pleasure in strife than anything else. She does not seem to have any moral sense whatever—any conscience—any reverence. And my three younger children are like the elder. I do not wish to live until they become grown up men and women; for they will either tear each other like uncaged beasts, or part in undying hate. Oh, to be the mother of such a brood! Would that I had died a baby in my mother's arms!"

Pent up feelings overflowed their boundaries, and Mrs. Guy fell upon her friend, and wept violently, for a long time.

"Forgive me, Lena," she said, on regaining calmness, "for having intruded things which should have been sacred to myself. I never thought to have spoken thus to any living soul; but, there are times of weakness, when utterance becomes a necessity. Ah, Lena, if I could have talked to you of what was in my heart, years ago, it might have been better. The burden of unexpressed anguish has been too great for me. I am conscious of daily decreasing strength. Mind and body are fast giving way. I feel weak and bewildered nearly all the time. The elements with which I have to contend, are too strong for me."

"God is strong. Lay your burden on him, Lydia."

"I have turned from Him, and He has turned from me," answered Mrs. Guy, in a hopeless kind of utterance.

"Nay, nay, my dear friend! God is an ever present help to all who look to him."

"That may be so, Lena; but we do not look to Him. Ours is a godless house. No praying; no Bible reading; no church going. We are heathen."

"I do not wonder that you are in darkness and bewilderment, Lydia," said Mrs. Hoffman, soberly and impressively, "I do not wonder that your children are growing up in strife.

I do not wonder that your eyes look fearfully down the future. If there is no regard for religion in your house; no storing of precious truths from the Bible in the minds of your children; no lifting of hearts upward in prayer to God, the case is bad indeed. You must try to change all this."

But Mrs. Guy shook her head, murmuring, in a weak way—"I cannot."

"Don't say that, Lydia. You can, if you will. If the older children are, as intimated, beyond your influence, begin with the little ones. Save them."

At this moment Mrs. Hoffman's two oldest children entered the room, quietly, an arm of each around the other's waist.

"Who are these? Not your Lena and Frank?" said Mrs. Guy, reaching her hands to the children, who came to her side in a respectful way, and looked pleasantly into her face.

"Lena and Frank," replied Mrs. Hoffman, as a bright smile lit up her countenance. "This is Mrs. Guy, don't you remember her?" And she spoke to the children.

Lena said yes, and Frank stood silent, with his looks modestly cast down. Mrs. Guy kissed them, tears filling her eyes as she thought how rudely and boldly her oldest children would have dashed into the room, had she been at home, and Mrs. Hoffman the visitor.

Their entrance having interrupted the conversation, when resumed, it kept away from the unhappy subject in which it had dwelt from the beginning, and reached a more cheerful elevation.

"You will come to see me, Lena?" said Mrs. Guy, as she held tightly the hand of Mrs. Hoffman, at parting.

"O yes."

"Come soon."

"Yes, very soon."

"Remember me to your good husband. I wish he were, as once, Adam's friend."

"He would stand his friend to-day, Lydia, if there were any need of service. If there is a distance between them, it is not, I can assure you, the Doctor's fault."

"I know that, Lena. Adam proved himself unworthy of such a friend. Whatever distance intervenes, he made it. But we'll not talk of that. Good by, dear! Come very soon. You don't know how much good it will do me."

There was a prolonged, tightly given pressure of hands, and then the two friends separated. Lydia returned to her large, elegantly furnished house, and to her husband who

counted his gold by many thousands; but returned with a heavy heart. It looked, in her thought, more cheerless, more desolate than ever, now that she had felt the love-warmth of Lena's home. She went, in pity and sympathy for an old friend in misfortune, but returned, sadly conscious that with her was the misfortune, and with Lena the sunshine of a true prosperity.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The sad revelation made by Mrs. Guy touching her home-life, wrought a painful impression on the mind of Mrs. Hoffland, whose feelings were strongly interested for her old friend, and went out towards her in a yearning desire to give help, comfort, and strength to bear up under the heavy burdens laid upon her weak shoulders. She was in her thought nearly all the while. On the second day after her visit, Lena called on Mrs. Guy. It so happened, that Mr. Guy had returned home for some purpose late in the forenoon, and was leaving the house, as Lena came up the steps. Mrs. Hoffland smiled, and said,

"Good morning, Mr. Guy."

The merchant frowned, nodded coldly, and passed her in a rude manner. It was meant for the out direct. For an instant, Lena hesitated to ring the bell. But a thought of her unhappy friend enabled her to throw the insult behind her as a thing of no account. She found Lydia with eyes wet from recent weeping.

"It's the old story," said Mrs. Guy, answering the questioning looks of Mrs. Hoffland, and trying to smile indifferently as she dried her tears,—*"The old story of strife about money."* And she held up some bank bills that were crumpled in her hand. *"I asked Adam, just now, for a hundred dollars; and here are fifty, just half of what I need. It is always so. If I ask for twenty, I get ten, and hard words to make up the balance. I'm the most extravagant woman that ever lived! How did I manage when my whole income came through my needle?—ha! So he talks. Money! Heaven knows, I often wish there was none of it in the world. But, didn't you meet Adam at the door?"*

"Yes; but, I don't think he recognized me."

"Not recognize you!" Mrs. Guy's countenance changed a little.

"No. He passed me with a distant nod, as if I were a stranger."

The eyes of Lydia fell to the floor, and she sat musing for some time.

"How long is it since you met him?" she inquired, looking up.

"Nearly three years."

"I don't see that you have changed in anything. But he may have forgotten you. His thought is so fixed on money and business, that it would be no matter of surprise if he forgot the face of one of his own children after an absence of six months."

"How are you?" said Lena, after a pause, seeking to get away from this unpleasant theme.

"About as usual, and that isn't much to boast of. But, I'm really glad to see you, and must ask forgiveness for so cold a welcome. I'm not always able to rally myself in a moment. I wish, sometimes, that I had no more feeling than a stock or a stone; that I didn't care for these things. But, woman's nature is weak. We cannot harden under perpetual blows; but grow more and more sensitive even to the last stroke that extinguishes life. Again, I say, forgive me. The pent up anguish of my spirit found an outlet in the direction of your sympathy, and I cannot close it again. Bear with me, Lena! I know that it pains you to hear me speak as I am speaking, but I cannot, in the fulness of my heart, keep back all utterance."

"Look away from what, in the present, dear Lydia, is irremediable. To bear, is to conquer. What we brood over, gains new vitality. As far as possible, veil even from your own eyes the harder aspect of your way in life, and look forward in hope, to some more pleasant future."

"The future is darker than the present, Lena. But this is all wrong, I know. It isn't kind in me. I shall lose you again, if I worry your mind after this fashion. How weak and unreasonable I have become."

Very much in this strain did Mrs. Guy talk during the visit of Lena; and in parting, she wept bitterly, saying—

"I know you won't come here again. It's so wrong in me; but I've grown weak and childish, and can't help it."

"Come and see me often, Lydia," was the kind answer of Mrs. Hoffland, as she kissed her unhappy friend. "I shall hold you always in my heart. Let me be as your sister. Talk to me without reserve, if talking gives any comfort, and what you say shall be sacred between us."

"And you will come to see me, in return?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"You are true and good, Lena, and may Heaven bless with richer blessings than even

now rest upon your life," said Mrs. Guy, as they parted at the door.

On the return of Adam Guy, at dinner time, his first words on meeting his wife, were—

"What did that fellow's wife want here?"

"I don't understand you," answered Lydia, coldly. "Of whom are you speaking?"

"You know very well of whom I'm speaking."

But Lydia shook her head perversely.

"Wasn't that Dr. Holland's wife I saw at the door this morning?"

"Lena called to see me; but you didn't mean her when you said that fellow's wife?"

"I meant her, and you know it. What did she want?"

"If you were curious on the subject, you should have inquired yourself," returned Mrs. Guy, with ill-disguised contempt in her tone and manner. "So you knew her?"

"Of course I knew her."

"And passed her without recognition?"

"I did, and mean to always."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like her nor her principles. She's not a true woman, and I warn you to have nothing to do with her."

"Not a true woman! Heaven save the mark! Pray draw a picture of one. I would like to have your ideal above all things. Perhaps I might copy after it."

"Oh, you can sneer! but that amounts to nothing," retorted Guy, rather impotently. His wife's scorn grew sharper every day.

"Look here, Adam," said Lydia, speaking resolutely—"I don't trouble myself in regard to your friendships, and I beg you will not trouble yourself in regard to mine. I have been to see Lena, as I told you, and Lena has returned the visit. It shall be no fault of mine if the restored intercourse is not perpetual."

"Very well, madam. Set yourself in defiance. But don't complain of the consequences. You wanted a hundred dollars this morning. I understand it now."

"Lydia, who had been turning away from her husband, wheeled round, under a sudden impulse, and confronting him, with flashing eyes, said—

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I presume you understand me," was replied, in a cold, sneering manner. "Where are the fifty dollars I gave you?"

Mrs. Guy thrust her hand into her pocket, and taking therefrom the roll of bank bills received from her husband a few hours before, flung them into his face, saying—

"There they are! Take them again. If

your soul is made of money, there are other souls of better material, thank God! Adam Guy!—Doctor Holland and his wife don't want your money. They are richer than you are, or ever will be, though you live a thousand years, and double your possessions each year."

The money struck the face of Guy, and fell at his feet upon the floor. The act stunned him. There was a look and tone of defiance in his wife that overawed him for a little while. He did not understand the way to deal with this aspect of antagonism.

"Keep your money, if you will, sir!" added the excited and outraged woman. "I hate the name of money. It is an offence to me. From this day, my lips shall not utter the word to you. Dole it out as you may, in miserly pitiunces, it will be all the same to me. There is not a woman in the city, sir, whose husband's property reaches, at the utmost, half of your possessions, whose wardrobe is not twice the value of mine. I have been ashamed to appear in company; but that feeling is gone. The discredit is yours, not mine."

"Silence, madam! I will not hear this!"

As often before, when he felt himself borne down by his wife's indignant reaction upon outrage, Guy stood upon authority, and commanded silence.

"It won't do, Adam Guy," said Lydia, with a smile curling her pale lip. "You may rob, but you cannot silence me."

"Rob! are you going crazed?"

"Yes, rob; that is the word. He that withholds what is just, is as much a robber as he that plunders by force; and meaner, because more cowardly. Do you understand me?"

"No."

"Turn it over in your thought as often as you turn a dollar before spending it, and perhaps the meaning will be clear."

"Your precious friend has been giving you some lessons in duty, I see," retorted Guy.

"A few more visits, and I'll find the door locked against me. After ruining her own husband, she has become ambitious of more extended operations. I'll send the Doctor a note, requesting him to keep his vicious cattle at home."

"Happily, the Doctor knows your quality, and will take the performance for what it is worth," said Mrs. Guy, nothing daunted by the vulgar threat. "Men who stand at his height, read such as you at a glance. Send the note. It matters nothing to me."

Baffled by the coolness of his wife's scorn, Adam Guy broke out again into passionate

command. Lydia fixed her eyes sternly upon him for some moments, holding his gaze long enough to let him understand that she defied him; then, turning from him, she left the room.

At his feet lay the crumpled bank bills, thrown by Lydia in his face a little while before. Most men, after such a scene, would have let them lie on the carpet, if certain of their being swept into the street. But, in his eyes, money was too precious a thing to be left in any jeopardy. So, stooping to the floor, Guy took up the bills, and thrust them into his vest pocket, muttering in an undertone—

"A good illustration of the value *she* sets upon money. A man might as well pour water into a sieve, as place it at the discretion of such a woman."

In spite of the insult he had received from his wife, Adam Guy felt a secret pleasure growing out of her declaration that she would never again ask him for money. He wished in his heart that she might stand by her threat. There was no way in which she could inflict self-punishment so agreeable to her husband as this. Her demands for money, so incessantly made, and so steadily resisted, he had always regarded as excessive. This had been the bone of contention between them from the beginning. Always doling out reluctantly, and too often, in complaint of extravagance, he had kept Lydia so bare of money, that constant application became a necessity. To-day, it was two or three dollars for a seamstress; to-morrow, a dollar for the washerwoman; the day after, five dollars for market money; and the day after that, a dollar and a half for sawing and putting away a cord of wood, for which the poor wood-sawyer had waited two hours. So the changes rung incessantly. It was literally true, as he often alleged—"Money! money!—nothing but money! The first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night. I can't show myself without hearing the word money!"

He would not trust his wife with any large sum for disbursement. We doubt if he ever gave her so much as a hundred dollars at one time in his life. That kind of liberality would, he felt sure, encourage extravagance. He must hold the purse-strings tightly, and know for what use every dollar that left his possession was given. No wonder then, that it was "Money, money—nothing but money." His own act made perpetual demand the sole means of home subsistence.

Was Lydia really in earnest in what she had said? He dwelt on her declaration curiously,

even hopefully. No sense of shame touched him. Avarice had long ago smothered shame.

"We shall see!" fell from his lips, as he moved about the room, conscious relief following the words, "We shall see! Home will become a second paradise!"

The dinner bell rang, and Mr. Guy stalked moodily into the dining room. A side-glance at his wife's face, who did not look towards him, revealed an expression of fixed resolve not often seen there. He was a little puzzled. The meal passed in almost dead silence. As for the children, they read in their parents' faces enough of warning to induce orderly conduct. Experience had made them observant; and they knew when trespass would be visited by certain banishment.

As Mr. Guy arose, at the conclusion of his hastily eaten meal, he tossed the little roll of bank bills across the table, and without a word, retired.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Madrigal.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

Stars of even  
Brightly glow,  
Winds of Heaven  
Softly flow;  
Flowers of summer,  
Waving trees,  
Gently murmur  
To the breeze.  
Birds are sleeping  
On each tree,  
Dews are weeping  
Silently.  
Waves of ocean  
Near our door,  
In their motion  
Loudly roar.  
Lovely maiden,  
In thy sleep,  
Sorrow laden,  
Thou dost weep;  
Why thou weepest,  
Why dost sigh  
While thou sleepest,  
Wonder I.  
Friends are nigh thee  
Who are dear—  
I am by thee,  
I am here!  
'Tis but seeming,  
All the while—  
Sweet, thou'rt dreaming,  
Wake and smile!

BROOKLYN, L. I.



## Mildred Talcott.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Flora, I've made up my mind, and I shall never alter it," said my cousin Mildred Talcott, as she burst into the room where I sat, putting the finishing touches to a small drawing of an old English castle drowsing amidst its oaks and elms, and my pencil paused at the last leaf on the topmost bough of the tallest oak, as I looked up at the face, flushed and vivid with anger and determination.

"What have you made up your mind to?" I asked solicitously, as the girl came and stood still before me, only her defiant lips and eyes telling me she was at a white heat of anger.

"That I will never be the wife of Fletcher North," she said, each word slow and distinct as though she weighed it well in pronouncing it.

"Oh, Mildred, has it come to this?" with a great swell of pity, and regret at my heart. My words and my look stung her, as no reproaches could have done; a shadow of pain—agony, went over her face, but she put it back with her strong will and roused pride, and sat down in the nearest chair.

"Yes, Flora, it's just come to this. I've seen Fletcher North for the last time."

"Mildred, who is responsible for this?" I asked, feeling that words would only chafe and harden her in her present excitement.

"He is, and must take the consequences. Nothing but absolute submission on my side would satisfy the authoritative, tyrannical spirit of the man; and no living one shall ever break the soul of Mildred Talcott under his iron will. I will not be trodden on."

"But are you sure—?"

"Yes," anticipating my question. "I am sure that this is just what Fletcher North is bent on; that I never could be happy with him as my husband, unless I would submit myself unquestioning to his absolute authority, which I never will do. To think how he has *dared* to talk to me during the last hour!" She beat her foot on the carpet—the damask roses widened in the cheeks of Mildred Talcott.

It was some time before her anger and excitement sufficiently subsided to allow her to relate to me what had transpired betwixt her and the man whose betrothed wife she had been.

I knew Mildred would not conceal, diminish, or expand one fault, for she was constitutionally truthful to the finest fibre of her nature.

It appeared that my cousin's particular of-

fence, had been a ride she had taken to the Fort three days before, with an old classmate of Fletcher North's, and one who had been a former rival of himself.

To do Mildred justice, she was in no wise responsible for the ride, and had consented to it with reluctance. She had engaged to go with a party of friends, but one or two unexpected additions to the company crowded the carriage, and Mildred was obliged to go in a smaller vehicle, and to accept the escort of a man, whose petty ambition and selfish life aims her womanly instincts penetrated and despised, though he was the brother of one of her dearest friends.

The young man managed to have the fact of Mildred's ride with himself communicated to Fletcher North, under circumstances, and in a manner which must have been peculiarly irritating to the young lover.

He had visited his betrothed in no very amiable frame of mind; and his reproaches, which in this case at least, were not deserved, stung my rash impulsive cousin into a great anger, and at last those two, who would have gone to prison and to death for the love they bore each other, had said a cold, brief, final farewell.

"Now, Flora, who was to blame this time do you think?" exclaimed Minnie as she turned and confronted me, after concluding her story.

"I think you were both to blame."

"Both to blame!" the summer lightning flashing out of her brown eyes. "Would you have me submit to such injustice, Flora Ames? Shall I meekly acknowledge that Fletcher North has the right to call me deceitful, a flirt, and like all the rest of my sex, uncertain and unreliable, caught by every new fancy, and unworthy the love of a true, honest man?"

"It was very hard, Minnie, and this time, wholly undeserved; but a calm explanation of the facts, and a little forbearance on your part, would soon have convinced him of his mistake; and you know then, he would not have been slow in acknowledging it."

"Flora, I am not a saint. I am an impulsive, sensitive woman. I cannot be calm and tame, under such stinging words, and Fletcher North shall never have an opportunity to repeat them—never."

I saw with pain and sorrow, that there was no use to attempt reasoning with her, on this matter, and I sat still, and she looked up inquiringly in my face, and read in my eyes, fastened on hers, whose beauty I feared would be her sorrow, the thoughts in my heart.

"Ah, Flora," she cried out, "why will you always take that man's part?"

"Because I always feel, Mildred, he is, despite his faults of temper, despite his sensitiveness, which makes him exacting, and at times severe, what so few men are, strong and good, and generous to the core. And when such a man brings his heart to a woman, a man whose strength she can lean on, whose love she can rest in, I think she has found a treasure, so past all price or naming, that it is only with anguish I can see her for any pique, or false pride, put away from her, what never will in all probability come to her life again."

Many changes went over the face, "fair as a lily," "blooming as a rose," while I spoke; and the voice of Mildred Talcott had not its old steadiness of tone as it slipped through the silence which followed my speech, this question, "Well, Flora, what would you do if you stood in my shoes just this minute?"

"I hope, Mildred, that I should be forbearing and forgiving, and above all, ready to admit the relations and circumstances which would go to palliate the severity and injustice of Fletcher North, for a true man is worth forgiving something."

"And then——"

"I should send for Fletcher North, and acknowledge what part soever I had borne in the wrong——"

"Never, Flora Ames, never!" Mildred Talcott sprang to her feet, and commenced pacing the chamber back and forth, and the sunshine whirled and flashed its bright wheels about her proudly lifted head. "I cannot demean myself as you would have me, Flora; I am not made of that flexible material which bends and yields to a man's arrogant will. I shall never bow my pride to ask Fletcher North's pardon, and he may go and find some woman after his own heart, the chief canon of whose matrimonial creed shall be to obey her lord and master." And Mildred finished with a laugh, that after all was strained and hollow, and left the room.

My thoughts followed her with a faint hope that the girl's better nature would triumph; but with only a faint one, for I knew the worst part of her had gained the ascendancy now, and that her intense pride and self-will, brought into sharp collision with her conscience and her affections, would hardly yield, whatever the struggle might cost her.

Mildred Talcott's mother and my own were sisters. Half a score of years had the former slept well under the charming coverlet of

winter snows and summer grasses, and my mother had been laid two years before by the side of her sister in their native village, where the former had been married and died.

Mildred and I were only children, and we had been thrown much together from our childhood, and loved each other like sisters. Our home was in the country, my cousin's in the city; but we lived only ten miles apart, and long, frequent visits, were interchanged by us.

Mildred, my cousin, had many rare and lovable qualities of character. She was intelligent, generous, impulsive, most womanly in all her sympathies and affections. But she was proud and self-willed, and she was the idol of her father, whose wealth enabled him to gather every grace and luxury about his darling child; and when Mildred bloomed into her beautiful womanhood, real sorrow and discipline were names almost as vague and void to her as Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Many men admired her; many women loved her; and with her grace, and social brilliancy, she adorned any society into which she was thrown.

Fletcher North did not meet her until she was twenty-three, and he was then in the first year of his professional studies. He had a hard struggle to get through college, but he had energy, talent, persistence of purpose, and these are better than any fortune. Mildred had sufficient innate nobility of character to recognize and do homage to the man, Fletcher North, and in less than six months after their first meeting they were betrothed. But things did not run smoothly after this; I think there was blame on both sides. The young man was stung too frequently at the thought of Mildred's wealth, and his own poverty; and though her father did not dispute the election of his child, still Fletcher North, with his keen intuitions of character, knew very well that the old man's ambition was sorely disappointed in her choice.

On the other hand, Mildred was not used to making the happiness of another the law of her life, and though she was capable of any amount of heroic self-sacrifice, her proud spirit was restive under anything that seemed like control; and the strong wills of both came in frequent collision; and misunderstandings and brief alienations often occurred betwixt the lovers.

In every case their affection had finally triumphed. But at last the pride of the man and woman had fairly confronted each other,

and Mildred blind and infatuated could not see that her place and her power was in immediate concession and forbearance.

Half an hour later, she came back to me, and when I had one glance at her face, there was no need she should have spoken.

"Come, Flora, put on your bonnet. I want to go down to the shore while the tide is coming in, and gather some sea plants; and we will never speak on this matter again. I have concluded to return Fletcher North his letters, as soon as I get home. It is best so. We should never be happy together. At least, I am not willing to make the concessions which alone would insure that happiness. I shall be brave, too, Flora, for I am resolved to forget him."

I did not answer. I knew that days of slow pain, and nights of silent heart-aching, lay before the proud, self-willed girl; and I remember thinking that nothing but long and sharp discipline, could soften her imperious spirit, so that its boughs should yield mellow and golden fruits of patience, *forbearance*, and long-suffering.

"Flora!" Flora! The well known voice rang down the garden walk, and reached me in a small arbor, which was rolled up in grapevines, whose goblets of emerald were darkening into purple in the dying August days.

I gathered up the half-hemmed handkerchief, which had divided my attention for the last two hours with a volume of Mrs. Browning's poems, and the sky, over whose azure fields lay here and there the great, rumpled breadths of bleached clouds. Five years have gone since my cousin Mildred Talcott and I held our last conversation of Fletcher North, and three of these had I been the well-beloved and happy wife of him whose voice had just summoned me from alternate reading and reverie.

"Frank!—what in the world sent you home so early?" as I came toward a pair of outstretched arms, and a face made comically wry for the occasion.

"What in the world has become of you, Mrs. Welden, that I've searched every closet and corner of the house, and had to resort to the open air before I found your missing self."

"Simply because I was down in the arbor, making a desperate effort to combine the practical and poetical for an hour."

"For three of them, you mean," seizing my hands, and drawing me into the sitting-room, where he held his watch before my eyes.

"One o'clock!—why, Frank, is it possible?"

"Yes, and a man who comes to his home in a perilous state of starvation, and finds his wife reading, the poems in her hand, and the clouds in the heavens over her head, when she ought to be seasoning his soup, or peeling his potatoes, must be a model husband, if she gets a kiss instead of a scolding."

And in the midst of my laughing, he gave me a practical proof of his claims to the matrimonial appellation.

"You shall have your lunch in ten minutes," and I was starting for the dining room; but a strong arm held me back.

"You will just tell Dinah to set the table, and sit down by me while I read the paper, and you bring all your feminine taste and neatness to bear on the contents of this," slipping a small morocco case into my hands. I opened it, and there on its snowy mound of velvet lay a daintily carved pin, and ear-rings, with a thick blossoming of pearls amongst leaves of emerald."

For a little while, I could not speak. Frank had stretched himself on the lounge, and at last I put my arms about his neck, and my lips spoke few thanks because my heart held so many.

"But, Frank, we are poor folks, and these must have been very expensive."

"You little Yankee—whose economic instincts are always awakened with every present I bring you. I made fifty dollars yesterday, and there it is."

"But fifty don't grow on young doctor's bushes every day—"

I was summarily ordered to leave this sentence unfinished, and, as Dinah came in at that moment to set the table, I threw myself on an ottoman by the lounge, and Frank drew out his paper.

"Hurrah! hurrah! and the newly printed sheet made several flashing gyrations over my head.

"Why, Frank, what in the world does ail you?—you came near making me upset my jewelry."

"Giribaldi's had another victory. There is hope for Italy. Thank God for that."

But the quick motion had started something from its deep repose in one corner of Frank's vest pocket, and I saw the snowy half of a dainty envelop peeping out from it.

"What have you there?"

"My dear child, I had quite forgotten, it is a letter from your cousin Mildred," and he laid it in my lap. I seized it eagerly, and I was not long in devouring its contents. I laid the letter down, saying to Frank—

"Mildred is coming to us next week!"

"That is good news."

"Most blessed news! Oh, Frank, to think how sorrow and trial have developed and ennobled that girl!"

Frank put down his paper, and looked in my face, with eyes out of which some grave thought had chased all the laughter.

"You women are strange beings, Flora," he said.

"I suspect we are, darling. Who would have believed that Mildred Talcott, petted, flattered, spoiled as she had been all her life, would have met so bravely the storm which poured down so suddenly into the full bloom of her young womanhood. One shock followed another so rapidly, too. First, there was her father's failure, which, terrible as the crisis was, would never have transpired, if it had not been for the villany of one of his partners, and the folly of another. Then came, a little later, the fever and paralysis, which kept her, the most tender and tireless of nurses, by night and by day, in that still, darkened, sick room, for two years. And bravest of all, was her giving up the last dollar to her father's creditors, and going South to teach. I always felt that Mildred had in her the elements of a true and noble woman—but alas! prosperity would never have developed them."

"And you think, my darling, that God sent your cousin that series of sharp afflictions that the true womanhood in her might develop its own strength and graces?" asked my husband, thoughtfully, turning the rings on my fingers.

"I think so."

"But, Flora, you have not named what has always seemed to me the crowning deed in your cousin's life, and that was, her refusal to marry Mr. Kennedy. He was a rich man, and though he was twenty-five years her senior, a "splendid match," as the world goes. Only think what a palace-home she would have had, for his wealth and tastes would have surrounded her life with all those luxuries which, with her aesthetic character and habits, must have made the millionaire's offer a mighty temptation to her. It required some moral heroism to turn away from all these things, and face the hard, plodding life, by which she was to earn her daily bread."

"My poor Mildred!" I spoke now with the tears in my eyes. "I believe it was the memory of Fletcher North, which steeled her heart against all the shining promises of the millionaire."

"Fletcher North—you told me he was a young lawyer in New York, didn't you?"

"Yes; why do you ask me?"

"Oh, because!"

"'Cause is no answer, as my school-teacher used to say."

Just then, Dinah entered, and said that dinner was ready, and my thoughts leaped into another channel.

"I must have the front chamber ready at once, for Mildred. Frank, I want new curtains for the windows, and I shall hang the walls with those pictures I had designed for the sitting-room. Ah, how happy we shall be together!"

"So happy that I expect to be jealous," laughed my husband, as he led me out to dinner.

The next week, Mildred came. It was just after supper, and I was cutting the pages of a new magazine, when Frank tumbled half a dozen great, purple plums into my lap, the first fruits of a young tree whose green boughs had peeped all the summer into my chamber window.

"See here! There is a carriage coming this way. The cars must be in," said Frank, suddenly lifting his head.

"There is a face looking out! What if it were Mildred's!" with a bound of my heart.

The carriage stopped. Frank hurried to the door, and I heard his "Come quick, Flora," and then I knew! She was in my arms a half minute later, and for the next half hour our tears spoke better words than our lips could.

My cousin was little changed in looks, unless it was in that change which the inward spirit gives to the outward face. That oval face, with its bright, smooth bands of hair—the eyes, always shining, but full of all shifts and deceptions of color, were just like Mildred Talcott's of five years ago. But the lips had not the same smiles—something had changed, softened, sweetened them, as it had her whole manner, and something in her very look and presence would have told one that she had been acquainted with sorrow—that it had clarified, mellowed, ripened her soul.

"I have come to you for rest, Flora, darling cousin," said Mildred, as she laid her head in my lap, the day after her arrival. "And this little cottage of yours is such an alluring nest, that I fear I shall fold my wings here forever."

"And you shall, Mildred, unless you spread them to go to some finer and statelier home than my nest can offer you, hung here among the hills."



She understood me, and her hand caught and detained mine, wandering through the dark, bright mazes of her loosened hair, and the brightness of her face waned into something sorrowful as the pale moon, and a wind from the east blew coldly over the soul of Mildred Talcott.

"I shall never go to any fine and stately home, Flora," she said, sadly and steadily.

"Oh, yes," I hurried to say, "I always walk into a bright country, when I dream of your future, Mildred."

She shook her head: "The days of my dreams are over, Flora."

I cast about in my mind for an answer. I think she divined what I was doing, for she opened her eyes and looking in mine asked, "Flora, do you remember what you said to me five years ago last month, about the love of a true, strong man?"

"I remember, Mildred."

"Well, I have lived to learn the truth of all that, and having known and put aside the true love once, I cannot be satisfied with any lower and less."

Just then, my husband entered the room. "Get on your hats in a hurry, girls. I want to take you down to the Fort before sunset."

That evening I related to Frank the conversation I had had with Minnie. At the close he walked rapidly up and down the room several times, apparently quite lost in thought.

At last he came to me. "Flora, I must go to New York to-morrow."

"For what, pray?"

"No matter, now; on some private business."

I was thoroughly provoked. "You men are all alike, Frank Welden. Here I thought you were listening to all I have been telling you; instead of which, your thoughts have been absorbed in business; I don't believe you've heard one word I've said."

"Oh, yes. I have, every one."

"But didn't think it worth replying to?"

Frank laughed and pulled my hair. "You foolish little puss, if you could see the length of your nose into my thoughts you'd be satisfied with them."

I was obliged to take him at his word, and "make up," and the next day my husband left for New York, promising to tell me the nature of his business after his return.

In two days he was home again, but he maintained a strict silence regarding the matter which had taken him away, only laughing at my stimulated curiosity, and promising that it should be appeased next week.

One day, not long after Frank's return, he took me on a long ride to visit one of his patients. Mildred was not feeling quite strong, and did not accompany us. It was a still, drowsing afternoon, in the early September. Our way lay through an old cross country road, stretching like a soiled silver ribbon betwixt the high banks on either side. The sweet, piney scents of the woods close at hand, drifted through the air, and curtains of silver and dun mist were hung around the distant mountains. The air was full of tropical languors; indeed, the whole earth seemed lapsed into that reverie of the tropics, which soothes her heart every Autumn. The deep azure overhead was scarred here and there with thin frostings of cloud, and once we came upon a solitary maple kindled into a scarlet flame, and lifting its fiery red torch amid the green forest trees.

I do not remember that Frank or I spoke but once during that ride back and forth of twenty miles; for the presence of that Autumn afternoon in its still, intense beauty, brimmed our souls so full and deep, that there was only room for silence. That once, I said, "Oh, if Mildred was only with us!"

"The afternoon will have its costly gifts for her too," answered my husband, lightly touching his horse with his whip, but I did not penetrate his meaning.

It was near sunset when we reached home. Mildred met me at the front door, her eyes wide, and struck through with a strange radiance, and her face lighted into a great tremulous joy.

"Oh, Mildred," I said, "why didn't you come with us this afternoon?" and I put my arms about her.

"Oh, Flora, *why* did I stay at home?" and I knew by her voice that she did not regret it, that she had been shaken by a great surprise and a great joy.

"What does it mean?"

She did not answer—she drew me towards the parlor door. A gentleman sitting on the lounge rose up and came towards me with a smile, and offered me his hand. I searched the strong, bold lineaments a moment, and then I knew them. "Mr. North!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Mrs. Welden, will you not give me a welcome to your home?"

"Ten thousand of them if you will tell me how you got here."

"Ask your husband," and at the moment that gentleman presented himself at the door.

The truth flashed suddenly across me. "Oh,

Frank, this is the business which took you to New York!"

My husband and his guest were warmly grasping each other's hands, and they both joined in a long, hearty burst of laughter, at the close of which, Frank came over to me and said, "Well, little lady, are you relieved, now you have discovered my secret, and will you forgive me for keeping it?"

"Yes, you dear old fellow. You've conducted the whole thing in a manner worthy of the most accomplished female diplomatist in such matters."

"And it was my first attempt, too. What have you to say for it, Mildred?" She came towards him, her eyes swimming in a fine, tender light, and two broad damask roses in her cheeks.

"What could I say, Frank, to the man who had just saved my life?" she said, laying her hands in his.

Just then, Dinah came to tell us supper was ready. What hearts of joy and gratitude we carried to the table that night!

"You may dream dreams about my future now, Flora," said Mildred, the next time we were alone together.

"But there will be one little shadow winding through them, and that the thought that you must leave us so soon."

"Not for a month or two. Oh, Flora, how good God has been to me—good even in the darkness and sorrow that fell upon my youth; for I see now that without these I never could have been to Fletcher North the true and loving wife I humbly hope that I shall now."

The young man, just entering the hall, caught these last words. He entered the room, drew his betrothed to his side, and looking down on her tenderly, said,

"I thank God, Mildred, for those words of yours! How my heart has hungered and thirsted for them during the five long years in which our lives have lain apart. I thank Him too, that He has opened my eyes to the light, so that I see what part I bear in the past in its bitterness and misconceptions."

"But those are buried now. We will not speak of them, Fletcher."

"Never again; for, after all, they have borne good fruits, whose fragrance shall fill our lives; and because of this, we shall always be tender, forbearing, patient with each other."

Mildred did not answer; but her face was lifted to the young lawyer's, and looking at it. I have no fear for the future of my cousin, Mildred Talcott.

## Mrs. Fairhaven's Visit.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"Merwin."

"Well, what is it?" was the reply, in a cold tone, for Mr. Burton knew by the intonation and the pause after his name, that his wife had something to say which she hesitated about uttering.

"I called at Mrs. Castello's this forenoon, when I came from the store, and she showed me such a nice parlor stove. It only cost twelve dollars! She said there was one more just like it at Ensign's. I do wish you would buy it!"

"Don't you know the taxes must be paid next month?"

"Yes, but Mr. Heywood's note falls due this week, and you know he is punctual to a day."

"That will have to go for two stacks of hay I bought yesterday. I should not take any comfort if I got trusted for them."

"I thought you intended to sell off part of the cattle and two colts."

"Prices are too low this winter! I think I can make more to keep them through."

The silence that here came was not agreeable to either. Mrs. Burton saw that another winter of self-denial must follow the many that had passed since their marriage. For the first few years she had borne deprivations cheerfully, with a brave heart, for she knew they were planting the soil wide and deep with seed, that would spring up and bear abundance for all future necessities, and many of the elegancies of life; but as the years passed on, and the small farm swelled to almost numberless acres, covering the adjoining hills and meadows, yet leaving the desire for more still unchecked in her husband's mind, she began to be discouraged, and fear that they never should enjoy but a tithe of the wealth they had both labored so hard to acquire.

Mr. Burton was not really a penurious man. He often gave freely in charity, and any expenses in improvements for the comfort of his stock were promptly incurred; but to lay out money for conveniences in the house, seemed like a dead loss to his capital, taking from it and bringing no return.

Husband and wife had been gradually separating in thought for a long time, and they now saw things from a very different standpoint, and only that Mr. Burton had rather the strongest mind and held that controlling power, which the strong ever hold over the weak, were they kept from harsh words and

bickerings that turn, one by one, to fretting steel, the silken threads of love. But the controlling power was not always strong enough to fetter thought, and very bitter ones sometimes arose as they did now.

"It did not come very hard to take fifty dollars to buy a silver plated harness, when he had two good ones in the barn; and now refuse me a stove that only costs one-fourth as much, when I need it so badly. I have not a decently painted room in the whole house, and that new barn down to the east lot, that no one sees a dozen times a year, had to be of just such a shade, and the posts and cornice of a different color to make a good contrast; but anything will do for a wife!" and her foot patted the floor restlessly, and her lips closed firmly over a choking sob, smouldering it; for she was too indignant to let it reach her husband's ears.

"I wish she would not ask me for stoves, chairs, and everything else. I am sure our things were good enough once, and I don't see why they are not now!" said Mr. Burton to himself, in a vain attempt to call back a complacent feeling. "Twelve dollars is not much, I know, but it will buy a ton and a half of hay, and that will almost keep those colts through the winter, and they will bring seventy dollars apiece next fall, and I guess that will do us more good than using the parlor a half dozen times, when the dining-room will answer."

The stillness, only broken by his wife's slippers patting the hard floor, grew every moment more oppressive, and with a remark, "that he must go out and see what sort of work that new carpenter made!" he passed into the back stoop, and in examining the job, which exactly suited him, forgot about the stove and all its concomitant annoyances.

Four weeks more, and winter, which had dallied with alternate smiles and frowns, settled down into her most sombre mood. The snow lay in huge drifts over the tops of the highest fences, and the roads packed like the hardest adamant, grew smooth under each step, till they became glary like the ice-bound waters. Everybody that owned, or could hire a horse and sleigh, seemed to be out, and bells jingled in all directions. Mr. Burton, with his splendid creams, and dashing harness and cutter, would have been in his element flying over the frozen roads, but unfortunately, an unlucky step in the commencement of the storm had sent him prostrate to the ground, and when he arose, it was with a badly sprained

ankle, and, for the first time in his life, he was a prisoner within the four walls of his home. The thermometer stood at a hundred and one, and Mrs. Burton, who had a dozen pies to make, thinking it too cold to go out into the open, airy kitchen, had gathered her materials into the dining room, and with sleeves rolled up, was busily putting the finishing touches to the first six, when an exclamation from her husband made her turn around, and she caught sight of a sleigh passing the side window. Woman-like, her next glance was around the room, and her cheek crimsoned at the unusual disorder. Mr. Burton, with the restlessness of a half sick man, had gathered about him a dozen old papers, a plate of apples, and a broken whip, with strips of leather to mend it. Elsie and Eunice, the two youngest children, taking advantage of their mother's preoccupation, had reached down with a broom a shawl, and had covered a group of chairs for a play-house; and then her own work spread out over the whole table, spices, mince-meat, flour and plates, casting a double look of disorder over everything. But there was not time to even replace a chair before the knock came, and she opened the door to admit the last person on earth she would like to see, the stylish—and as report said, rather gossiping Mrs. Fairhaven, of Norwalk. She was an old girlhood acquaintance, who had resided east since her marriage, till the previous fall, and this was a return visit, for the one Mr. Burton had insisted on making them at an early day. Mrs. Burton was aware that her husband had once taken quite a fancy to her visitor, and if Mr. Fairhaven had not stepped in before any proposal had been made, Mrs. Fairhaven might possibly have been Mrs. Burton, and all lady readers can imagine that this did not add to the pleasantness of her feelings, at her present surroundings. She understood at the time of her visit, though Mr. Burton did not dream of it, his evident anxiety that she should look her best, in her new silk dress and set of cameos purchased for the occasion, and the training and curveting of his horses to make them show off to the best advantage, and now to have them come to such a home, and to find that home in disorder, was too aggravating, and she felt that if she could bury her head in the dreariest, coldest nook in the house, it would be bliss to what she must pass through. But Mrs. Burton was, at heart, too much of a lady, and understood her duty as hostess too well, to let her annoyance be seen; and so she received Mrs. Fairhaven kindly, and sought

for the easiest chair, inwardly contrasting it with the elegant brocette covered one which had been offered her at her visitor's home; and with a few apologies over her baking, proceeded in a quiet, unobtrusive manner to arrange the room. Mrs. Fairhaven's little Eddie, an active, boisterous child, was with her, and with Mrs. Burton's two children, who were ever ready to follow a leader, they made the room vocal with noise. In vain were all side frowns and shakes of the head; and Mrs. Burton seeing that a moment's undisturbed conversation was not to be hoped for, went into the deserted kitchen, and filling the stove with the driest wood from the wood-house, soon had a warm fire; then bringing a pan of pop corn, and dish of chestnuts and apples, called the children out to enjoy themselves alone.

In the lull that followed, an hour passed by quietly, the gentlemen recalling memories of olden times, and Mrs. Fairhaven almost going into ecstasies over her beautiful home east, and her splendid furniture, and gay neighbors, that never left her an hour of dullness. It was very trying to listen to all this with a mind preoccupied by the scanty tea-set and the one lamp, and the din now and then from the kitchen that foreboded mischief. But Mrs. Burton listened patiently, offering a remark now and then, and giving the few affirmative answers expected of her, till her visitor, tiring of her theme, turned to her husband to relate something he had forgotten. Then she arose, to make preparations for the tea, that, now the days were so short, could not be on the table before dark. On trying the kitchen door, she found it fast, but after a few endeavors, managed to open it a little, and such a sight as met her eye! They had tied the door with the clothes line, and the three children, Eddie at their head, were marching up and down, with their faces black as coal could make them, playing "Indian." Their hair was all stuck up on top of their heads, with some substance, as we see the pictures of Indian chiefs, and Eddie had a pair of smutty tongs swung over his belt, and a fire shovel upright in his hand, and every few moments they would give a whoop that made the old kitchen ring as if inhabited by wild beasts.

All this was very ludicrous, yet at that particular moment, rather aggravating, when every moment of time seemed of double value. It would never do to take Mrs. Fairhaven's boy to her in such a plight, so Mrs. Burton passed around to a side-door, and taking some

warm water, that happily was on the stove, tried to bring out the real color. That was a much easier task than cleansing the hair, which was matted up with some substance resembling molasses. The tried mother looked around for an explanation, and saw that she had carelessly left a crock of boiled cider on the dresser, and the busy boy had mounted a chair, and, as little Elsie said, fed them all they wanted, then used it as pomatum for their hair. Between the coal and the molasses and sooty tongs, his nice sacque was of as many colors as Joseph's coat, and Mrs. Burton fervently ejaculated, for the first time in her life—

"Well, I am thankful my children are all girls, if this is the way boys act," and she wiped off the worst spots on Eddy's sacque with a wet cloth, and combed out the last tangle from his sticky hair, then sent him in to his mother, so that she could hurry to the well for a pail of water.

The dining room was of decent size, but Mr. Burton, with an extra chair for his lame foot, and Mrs. Fairhaven, with her voluminous flounces, and the spread-out table, with the children dodging about under foot, left but little space, and Mrs. Burton in her hurry, and the embarrassment arising from having her visitor's keen watch on every movement, felt awkward, and of course lost her usual ease, and facility of motion. But, after an unusual delay, everything was on the table except the lamp, and, going to bring it, she found the chimney missing. A shining fragment here and there on the carpet, just discernible in the gathering darkness, told the story, and she went back and lit her table with tallow candles, feeling as if she did not much care what mortification came next.

At last, tea was over; Mrs. Fairhaven's fair shoulders shawled by her husband's attentive hands, and the words, "Oh, I have had such a perfectly nice visit!" still mockingly vibrating on the air when the door closed, and the reaction came. Sob after sob, that writhed the slight frame, as if it would burst for utterance, came from Mrs. Burton's lips as she sunk down on the bed-room lounge, and wept over her shame and mortification. It might have been babyish to have given away so; but every word of her once rival had come to her ears with a disguised tone of exultation, and was all the harder to bear, because she could only bear, not ward it off openly in any manner.

There was no cessation at the vociferations



of little Elsie that the lady had "left her kitty," as she thrust Mrs. Fairhaven's victorine in her mother's face, nor at the sounds of a moving chair, and the words, "Dear Nellie," that came in through the opening door, intoned as gently as if it would carry balm to every wound.

"Oh, don't cry so!" exclaimed Mr. Burton, as he shoved his chair beside her. "I have been a perfect brute, to withhold comforts that I would have scorned to have kept from my horses. But forgive me this time, and you never shall have reason to complain again. I never realized anything about it before. When we had company, I always drove down to the village, to show off my team, or roamed around the farm, and came in just at tea-time, and I challenge any one in America to get up a better meal than you, and so I never felt that anything was wrong. But I saw it all to-day. The colts shall go in the morning, before eight o'clock, and you shall have the money, and as much more as you wish. Catch me again making my wife get supper, with the children under foot, and the visitors choked up against the wall, as though I couldn't furnish room for a decent sized body."

"It never rains but it pours," is as true in fortunate as in unfortunate occurrences, and Mrs. Burton awoke the next day long before the sun, and her children slept long after; so her morning's work was finished at an early hour, and, with well-filled purse in hand, she stood debating in her mind whether or not she should have their hired man drive her over to the village that very day, to select a stove, when her husband's brother, in a large, roomy sleigh, drove up to the door, and insisted on their all going home with him, to spend the holidays. Mrs. Burton gave a decided negative for herself, but joined in urging her husband to go; and, as he could offer no objection, the children were soon dressed, and he, with his foot bolstered on pillows and blankets, was soon by their side, en route for the old homestead.

It is so nice to have husband and children out of the house, when a woman really desires to work, that Mrs. Burton felt quite an elation of spirit, as she bundled up for a ride to the village. She had cordial permission to purchase whatever she thought best, and money enough to pay for what she bought; and as there was no one to wait upon, or look after, "she would see," as she said to herself, "what could be accomplished in a week." Winter is a leisure time with most workmen, so she

easily found a painter to commence work that very afternoon; then she selected wall paper for her parlor, dining room and kitchen; and carpet, and oil-cloth, and window-shades, to match, and was back to her own house with a new stove in the sleigh, just as the clock told the hour of noon.

Jacob, their hired man, assisted her to tear up the old carpet, and remove the furniture, and it was then but a few moments' work to join the pipe, set up the stove, and have a nice fire by the time the painter arrived with his ready-prepared materials. There was but little wood-work in the rooms, except the doors, and as they kept a fire all night, the second coat, which was all that was needed, was ready for the paper-hangers on the fourth day. One more journey was made to the village, to select chairs, tables, a set of crockery, and a few other articles, and then the parlor received its finishing touch, by tacking down a nice carpet, and the sitting-room grew cosy and comfortable by the addition of a plain ingrain, stretched over its ample dimensions. The cold, desolate kitchen, that only needed a few patches of mortar to make it tight, was fixed up, and grained in imitation of oak, papered in warm, rich colors, and the floor covered with neat oil-cloth. After it was all done, it was christened the "dining room," and a nice room it made, with the door of the pantry opening into it, and another door, leading into a smaller apartment, now called a "store-room."

"The pleasantest room in the whole house," said Mrs. Burton, complacently, to Susan, a smart girl, who had been hired for the week, as she turned from a side window, that took in a view of the church in the distance, with a white cottage nestled here and there, and then a long stretch of forest and meadow land; "and so it should be, where one must live and work most of the time, everything should be cheerful, to make the heart cheerful, and then the hands, like the clock's, will move uniform with the great pulse-beat."

It was all done—the hired girl paid and sent home, and Mrs. Burton drew up her low rocking-chair before the glossy grate, to rest and think. Her heart was pulsing with happiness; not that which springs from gratified pride, but the feeling that comes from the attainment of what one knows is a right, long hoped for, long labored for, despaired of, and then suddenly possessed.

The cakes were baking in the oven, the table set in all its glory of new crockery—for Mrs. Burton was momentarily expecting her hus-

band, when Mrs. Fairhaven called for the missing victorine. There was a stare, and look of surprise, but all comments were suppressed, as she rapidly glided into a chat, which was prolonged till Mrs. Burton persuaded her to lay aside her wrappings, and take an early tea with her; and, if at her other visit she left with any exultation of spirit over her early friend, she felt none now, as she saw, through the open hall door, the true, genuine look of affection and love, as husband and wife met after their week's separation, and listened to the outpoured praises given her for her work of the last few days.

"Your New Year's present, Nellie!" in an undertone, as his wife took up a package from the desk, and if anything could have shown the genuineness of the change in Mr. Burton's mind, it was the gifts that came to sight as she cut the string—the commencing numbers of two popular monthlies, so ardently yearned and asked for, long denied, and now coming unexpectedly, free-will offerings from her husband.

BEREA, OHIO.

## Scenes in My Household.

BY MRS. LAFAYETTE WILKINS.

### No. 4.—One of My Washing Days.

Washing days, with far too many house-keepers, are days of trouble and disorder. I've tried washing machines twice, and twice abandoned them, for instead of diminishing, they increased the trouble and disorder. Your true Biddy always ruffles her feathers at every attempted improvement in her domain. She is dead set against labor-saving machinery or new inventions in the culinary line. As for washing, she has no faith in anything but hard knuckles and a cherry board; and in regard to time, it must be from sun to sun—steam and soap-suds, from morning till dusky twilight.

Getting desperate, as housekeepers sometimes will, when tried beyond endurance, I turn over a new leaf now and then, and throw my kitchen cabinet into confusion. Biddy, however, is sure to get her revenge, and drive me into the old order of things.

But this is keeping me back from a washing day incident, which I design to relate. I keep two domestics, one a nursery and housemaid, and the other a cook. I hire a washerwoman on Mondays, to whom the sum of seventy-five cents has been usually paid for the day's work.

One Monday evening, a few weeks ago, just after the gas had been lighted, I was sitting at my work-stand, with Hetty on a stool by my feet, reading a new book, which her father had brought her at dinner time, when the cook came in, and said—

"Mary's done the washing, ma'am."

I took out my porte-monnaie, and had selected three quarters of a dollar, when the cook added—

"Mary thinks she ought to have a dollar."

"Well, she won't get it;" was my quick and rather excited answer. "Three quarters are enough, and all she'll receive from me. I never saw such people! you can't satisfy them!"

"It's a big wash," replied the cook, "and hard work, standing over the tub from morning till night."

"There's no use in talking," said I, sharply.

"I shall not pay her a dollar."

"Maybe ye'd be after devidin' it wid her then," suggested the cook, who had gone over to the side of Mary. "Say ye'll give her a shillin' more nor three quarters?"

"Maybe I won't, then," said I, positively.

Cook went down stairs, leaving me in not a very comfortable state of mind. I felt annoyed at this demand. Seventy-five cents was all I had ever paid, or ever expected to pay for a day's washing. A dollar seemed out of all reason. Mr. Wilkins came in soon after, and the subject passed from my thoughts. He brought me home a small photographic impression of that sweet picture, entitled "Past and Future," with which I was delighted.

"How much did it cost?" was a very natural question.

"Only twenty-five cents," was the reply.

"Indeed! Isn't that cheap?"

"Yes, very cheap. Impressions of this kind are usually sold at from fifty cents to a dollar."

"Can you get any more of them?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"At the same price?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'd like two more," said I. Will you get them for me to-morrow?"

"Certainly; but what do you want with two more?"

"I would like to give one to Mrs. Walker, and send the other to sister Alice."

"You shall have them," was my husband's cheerful response.

"Did you get me the note paper and envelopes?" I now inquired, remembering a little commission I had given him in the morning.

He drew forth a package, and placed it in my hand.

"Gilt edge?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Pink lined envelopes?"

"Oh, certainly; that was your direction. But I call it extravagant. Now, how much extra do you suppose I had to pay for gilt edge and pink lining?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was my carelessly spoken answer.

"Nor don't care, either, why didn't you say?" He smiled, with just a shade of gravity in his eyes, adding—"But I will inform you, nevertheless. The pink and gilt in that little package, cost just fifty cents."

"Nothing so very ruinous in that." I threw back the words, laughingly.

"Not at all," only it just crossed my mind, that many a poor man works hard all day for just double the amount here spent in gold leaf and tinting—useless, all."

"I dropped my eyes away from the earnest look with which my husband seemed regarding me. He had not meant to utter a rebuke, but his words went home. My thought passed instantly to poor Mary, our washerwoman, and her long, hard day's work. I thought of her two little children at home, from whom she had been absent since morning, and the meagre provision she could make for them and herself on the small sum of her earnings—seventy-five cents a day, with the certainty of never more than three or four full days' work in a week. I thought, likewise, of my refusal to increase the sum of one day's earnings by the small addition of even a single shilling, which my cook, with more kindness and sympathy than I had given her credit for, urged me, in her impulsive way, to advance. A shame spot burned on my cheek.

Rising suddenly, I went down stairs, to the kitchen.

"Where's Mary?" I asked.

"Gone," answered cook, coldly.

"Did she get her supper?"

"No, ma'am. She couldn't stay. The wash was heavy, and we didn't get through till late."

"Why didn't you get her some supper?"

"I wanted to, but she said no, she wasn't hungry."

"I'm sorry," was my remark, and stood thoughtful, for some moments. Conscience was troubling me.

"Is she coming next week, as usual?"

"Don't know, ma'am. She didn't say. Guess as how she'll try to make a day somewhere else, if she can."

I turned, and went up stairs, feeling altogether uncomfortable. What a trifle was the sum to me which I had refused to advance—to her, of how much importance. In parting with it, I should never have felt the slightest diminution of comfort, while the gain to her would have been great. Very exact was I in dealing with this poor woman, bargaining for her work at the lowest rate for which it could be obtained, yet liberal in expending from a mere generous impulse—giving away things of taste and ornament, to persons better able to purchase than I was to bestow.

The matter troubled me. I looked so sober, as I sat at the head of the tea-table, that my husband inquired, with a shade of concern on his face, if I were not well.

"Oh, yes," I replied, rallying myself, "quite well;" and then I tried to make conversation, in order to push aside, if possible, the unpleasant thoughts that intruded themselves. But I remained ill at ease. Conscience kept accusing me. Had I been just, humane, considerate? I could not answer, yea. Fifty cents for gilt and tint was a thing of no consideration; but twenty-five cents to my poor washerwoman, who toiled wearily from sun to sun, was so weighty a matter, that self-interest would not permit me to decide in her favor. Two or three times during the evening I had resolved to send my cook to Mary, who lived not far distant, with the twenty-five cents I had so positively refused to advance on her wages. But this would have been to acknowledge myself wrong, and human nature is weak. I was not quite ready for this.

"You needn't get me those photographs," said I to Mr. Wilkins, on the next morning, as he was leaving, after breakfast.

"Why not?" he inquired, looking at me curiously.

I really felt as if he were reading my thoughts, and my eyes fell away from his involuntarily.

"I can make better use of the money," was my answer.

"Gilt edge and pink lining!" Mr. Wilkins looked at me from the corners of his eyes, just a little wickedly.

"For shame!" I answered, hiding the real state of my mind under a show of mock displeasure.

I could not get Mary out of my mind.

Every now and then a thought of her would intrude, and this continued throughout the day. Several times I resolved to send her the extra sum she had asked for her day's work, but pride—I call the feeling by its right name—held my good intent from action; and so the days went on, and the week closed.

Sunday evening found my thoughts going forward to Monday, that day of days to house-keepers. I had never known a more faithful, or more punctual washerwoman than Mary, and had often said of her, speaking to myself, "She's a treasure." The question of her appearance as usual, on Monday morning, was therefore a serious one, and the doubt involved made me feel uncomfortable. Rather than lose her, I would have paid a dollar for the day's work, cheerfully. She was better worth that than most washerwomen the usual seventy-five cents.

"I wonder if Mary will be here in the morning," said I, speaking to my cook.

"Don't know, ma'am," answered cook, soberly. I could see that the extra quarter was in her mind, and that she wished me to remember how I had refused to advance Mary's wages.

"Did she say anything about giving up the place?" I inquired.

"She said it was worth a dollar, ma'am, and she could get it—and so she can."

I said no more, but left cook, brooding over the matter, with no very pleasant anticipations.

I arose early on the next morning, and went down to the kitchen. There stood Mary over her washing-tub, as I had seen her on every Monday morning, for nearly a twelvemonth. She looked up, as I came in, with her usual grave smile of recognition; but the smile was more fleeting than usual, and as it faded out, I saw lines of trouble on her face.

"Are you not well, Mary?" I asked, kindly.

"Not very well, ma'am," she answered, in a tone that stirred my heart with a feeling of sympathy.

"What ails you?" I inquired.

"Johnny's been sick, and I've had to be up with him almost every night."

"What's the matter with Johnny?"

"I don't know, ma'am. He's had fever, and such a dreadful headache."

Fever! Ah, I knew too well what that word meant, for many an hour had I lain scorched with fever, and often tormented by thirst. My thought went realizingly to one well remembered time, when, after a long delay, a cool, juicy orange was placed to my eager

lips, and then, as my thought passed to Mary's little boy, an accusing spirit charged me with holding back from his lips a like refreshment.

"Is he no better this morning?"

"Not much, ma'am."

I turned away from the kitchen, and went up stairs, with a strangely uncomfortable feeling about my heart. An image of the sick child haunted me. I fancied him suffering with thirst as I had once suffered, when the hot breath of fever seemed to be drying up my blood.

After breakfast, I sent for a few oranges, and taking them in my hands, entered the kitchen, where Mary was at work and said to her—

"Don't you think these would taste good to Johnny?"

Mary's hands paused in their work, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, ma'am," she answered, with a tremor in her voice, "he cried so last night for an orange, and I couldn't buy him one."

A sob came near o'ermastering me, but I kept it down.

"Put on your bonnet, Mary," said I, "and take these home to Johnny. Poor child! I know what a fever thirst is."

Tears fell over her face, and her lips tried vainly to express her thanks. I did not want the words, for I saw that her heart was full of gratitude.

"I'll be back in a minute," she said, a few moments afterwards, and went hurriedly out.

"Here is your money." The day had closed, and the washerwoman's work was done. I held two half dollars in my hand. Mary looked at them, and then at me, while a flush of surprise mingled with hope and pleasure on her face. No further word was spoken. She stood a moment, moved, I could see, by grateful feelings that would not trust themselves in utterance—then turned from me, and left for her home.

Was I not a happier woman, as I sat amid my children on that evening, than I was just one week before? Ah, we cannot wrong another without laying burdens upon our own hearts. How many golden opportunities for gathering up life's sweetest pleasures do we let go by, permitting selfishness, and a narrow injustice to the poor, to rob both us and them of the good to which we are both entitled.

A trifling incident, some one may say, on which to hold the reader's attention so long. Do you feel so, my friend? Think again, and away from yourself as much as possible, and perhaps the impression may change.



## LAY SERMONS.

### Going Home.

"A little while longer,"—and the speaker lifted her eyes upwards with a pious air—"only a little while longer, and then I shall put off this vile body, and go upwards to my home!"

"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The response came from a sad looking person, on whose face discontent and weariness of life were strongly written. "Only a little while longer," she added, repeating the words of her who had first spoken. "There are some of us who would bless God if our feet were as near their journey's end as yours. The ordeal of this life is not an easy one. Toil, sorrow, weariness, disappointments—from cradle to grave the path is rugged; and out of the depths of its pain and darkness the soul cries out, 'Lord, shorten the way!'"

"Ay, shorten the way," groaned a third of the group, who had surrounded the bed of a sick sister. "We have no house here—no abiding place—no continuing city. Open, Lord, the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, and let our feet move down the golden streets."

Pious responses fell from tremulous lips, and pious eyes went upwards.

"Going home." One who had not, till now, spoken, let her voice steal out in a low, but firm utterance. She was a woman who had passed the summit of life, and was now stepping downwards on the graveward side. Her face was placid, though pain marks were on her forehead, and pain shadows on her lips. "Going home. Home is a sweet word, my sisters! But to what kind of homes are we going? That is worth a thought."

"To heavenly homes," was answered by one. "To the paradise of God."

"In my Father's house are many mansions," said another, repeating the sweet assurance of our Lord.

"We are in exile—wanderers from home—waiting and longing for the time of our return," sighed out a third.

"Did it never occur to you," said the one who had asked as to the kind of homes to which they were going, "that our dwelling places in the other life will be just what we make them?"

Eyes full of questions and doubts were turned upon the speaker.

"I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also." It was the sick sister's answer. "The Lord prepares and makes beautiful our heavenly homes. The mansions are ready and waiting our arrival."

"And we do nothing towards the work?" asked the last speaker.

"We must be meet for the habitation of angels."

"Vague all, my sisters," was answered. "Let us look inward, and study the movements and results of our own lives. We build, each for himself, our eternal dwelling places, and when we come into their manifest occupation, we shall find them beautiful or deformed, according as we have made them. It is so in this life; and the order will not be changed. As we feel and think, and thence act, so are our surroundings here; and such will be the law of our surroundings in the life to come. Can it be otherwise? We should be indeed strangers and aliens, if the homes in which we dwelt did not correspond with our states of thought and feeling. The mind makes for itself a habitation, and peoples it with companions, among which it loves to abide. This is its home. Death cannot change these companionships; but, by the removal of external and intervening things, renders them closer and more intimate. Turn your thoughts inward; think calmly, closely, seriously; and your convictions will assent to what I have said."

A few moments of silence, but no reply. The speaker went on.

"We are too much inclined to look at death as the producer of some great change in our inner lives. We talk as though we expected to put off discontent and selfishness; hardness towards the neighbor; jealousies and anger; all the evil things we cherish in our minds—and to rise into some vaguely conceived states of celestial blessedness, purity and peace. My sisters, this is all a vain delusion. Simply and nakedly as we are when we die, shall we rise into a perception of our existence in the spiritual world. There are two worlds, remember—the spiritual and the natural; one interior, the other exterior; and we live in both of them at the same time:—in the outer or natural world as to our bodies and senses; in the inner or spiritual world as to our souls and mental consciousness. Now we dwell as to our bodies in material homes, among visible companions; and at the same time, as to our spirits, in homes not made with hands, among invisible companions, with whom our minds hold intercourse. And of what quality are these companions? Ah, that is the significant question! Do they lift our thoughts heavenward, or hold us near the earth? Do they stimulate pride, or teach us lessons of humility? Are they ministers of discontent or resignation? Do they inspire love of self and the world, or love of God and the neighbor? We do not part company with these companions at death—they belong to our inner habitation; to the

dwelling places that we are building for our souls. God cannot take us out of ourselves, for that would be to destroy us. He can only provide for our happiness according to the free determination of our lives, and give of the good things of His love and wisdom in the degree that we are capable of receiving them. The measure can be no greater, and will be no less. All that we can receive, He will give—for he is the Good Giver."

No one ventured a reply, for the sister's words had penetrated the region of conviction.

"And so, my sisters, let us not turn our eyes longingly away to an imaginary home beyond the grave, which we can never find; but inwardly upon ourselves, in careful examination. Let us look well to the home we are building, and to the companions with whom, in our hidden thoughts, we most delight to associate. If the spirits of pride, indolence, murmuring, impatience, self-indulgence, envy, disregard of the neighbor, vaunting esteem, and conceit of personal goodness, dwell with us here, we shall go home to them when we pass to the other

world. But if patience, meekness, love of the neighbor and forgetfulness of self, endurance, humble mindedness, and the delight of serving others, abide in our souls, we shall enter the heavenly mansions where angels dwell forever with the Lord. Let us then no longer keep looking away and longing for the time of going home, but rather set ourselves diligently to the work of furnishing the homes which are to be our eternal abiding place; for, as we make them, so will they be found when we come to enter and dwell in them consciously. May that time be far away, for we cannot have too many years in which to build and people our heavenly homes."

The silence that followed was broken by the sick woman, who, with clasped hands and tearful eyes raised heavenward, thus prayed audibly—

"Lord, give thy servant patience to wait, and diligence to work."

And the murmuring responses that met her prayer, showed that the lesson was understood.

T. S. A.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### The Atmosphere of Home.

BY SYBIL THORNE.

Upon the atmosphere of home depends in an important degree the mental states of children. If the atmosphere be sunny and cheerful, good-humor and right tempers will almost always prevail among the little ones. This atmosphere of which we speak, whether it be sunny or cloudy, is mainly dependent on fathers and mothers. If they are cheerful and good-tempered, you will be almost certain to find like conditions of mind in the children; but if they are gloomy, morose, ill-tempered, or given to moody silence, the younger members of the family will show unhappy dispositions.

I knew a mother whose cheerful temper made her lips musical for more than half of every day. She sang at her work, as she plied her busy needle—sang as she went lightly up stairs and down, and from room to room; sang as she bent over her baby in her arms. She had her cares and her anxieties—had known sorrow and bereavement, but the bird in her heart fluttered its wings in every ray of sunshine that fell from the sky, and music leaped ever from its swelling throat. From temperament, her husband was inclined to look upon the dark side of things, but her bright spirit never permitted the shadows to lie around him. And so the atmosphere in which their children lived was always cheerful.

It was pleasant to spend an afternoon with this

friend—I numbered her among my friends—and see her in the midst of her children. They were not sent out of the way when a caller dropped in, because of rude, noisy, or quarrelsome tendencies. The even, sunny spirit of my friend, transfused itself in and around them like magnetism, and held them in sweet submission to her will. They played freely about the room while visitors were present, but in a quiet and respectful way, so as not to produce annoyance. They talked among themselves, read aloud to each other, sang, and engaged in various sports, maintaining through all, unruffled tempers. If in any case they talked, or sang, or laughed too loudly, a pleasant word repressed their too exuberant feelings, and hushed them into quiet.

It was very different in the home of another friend. She was naturally of a fretful, dissatisfied temper, and more inclined to look upon the dark than upon the bright side of things. I knew her when a girl, and often had occasion to notice this peculiarity in her disposition. She married an excellent young man, and the promise of her wedding day looked fair for happiness. But her home did not prove to be a very happy one, and the fault lay chiefly with herself. A sunny temper was lacking. A few years, and that home was filled with the voices of children; not always glad voices, I am sorry to say—not always musical—but for the most part discordant. She rarely led them out into the sunshine to let bud swell, and leaf expand, and flower unfold in the warm, genial

rays; but kept them for the most part under the shadow of a cloud, from which often leaped the quick lightning, or fell the smiting storm. No wonder that they did not grow up in that household like goodly plants. There was little of symmetry or beauty in their characters. I never saw such fretful, discontented, quarrelsome children in any other home. There was no pleasure in visiting their mother. A dozen times during an afternoon, would they be sent from the room in disgrace.

In comparing this home with that of my other friend, I could never get to but one conclusion, and that is expressed in the sentence—"The mother is alone to blame." There was no cheerfulness in the atmosphere she threw around her. It was cold and repellant. No sphere of tender attraction went out from her to her children, filling their hearts with a like tenderness for each other. The sunshine of love did not dwell upon her countenance, and so no light fell therefrom. Sharply and angrily she spoke to her children when in fault, and sharply and angrily they in turn spoke to each other. As it was with her, so it was with them, and so it will be with the children of every home. The atmosphere that parents, and particularly mothers, throw around them, gives fragrance and joy to the household, or chilling winds, and the desolation of evil tempers. There must be sunshine, and soft south airs for home plants, or they cannot grow in beauty.

## The Little Torment.

BY MARGARET LYON.

"I never saw the beat of him!" exclaimed Mrs. Fanshaw, with a crimsoning face. "He fairly worries the life out of me. Go off this minute, sir, and don't come near me again, you little torment!"

The child thus addressed, was a bright-faced urchin, of not over six summers. He had a pair of large, blue, saucy eyes, that fairly danced in light; brown, curling hair, and red, ripe lips, that tempted your kisses—a boy of whom any mother's heart might be proud.

The visitor's eyes followed him with a sad, wistful expression, as he went pouting away from his mother's side, and flung himself in brief anger upon the sofa; then, turning to Mrs. Fanshaw, she said, in a low voice, so that the child could not hear—

"You don't do right, Florence. This kind of treatment will ruin Harry's temper."

"But what am I to do, Mary? He gives me no peace of my life. I never saw such a boy—he isn't still for a moment, from the time he's out of bed in the morning, until night comes. Just look at him, now, thumping that sofa with his feet, as if they were a pair of trip-hammers! You Harry! stop that, this instant!"

"Forgive me for saying so, Florence," answered the friend to this, "but indeed you are not man-

aging him rightly. An active, restless child, such as he is, demands great forbearance and consideration."

"Dear me, Mary!" replied Mrs. Fanshaw, "children must be required to do right. I don't believe in letting them ride over you roughshod. I've seen mothers who made their children first in everything, and themselves mere slaves. Now I think they should be subordinate in a family—second, not first."

"There is reason in all things," said the friend, "as well as justice. Children have rights as well as grown persons, and these rights should never be invaded. Let us see how the case stands now. Was Harry really to blame? Did he do anything wrong, that you sent him from you with such sharp words? Had he not a right to ask your assistance in mending his broken toy? He tried hard to do it himself, for my eyes have been on him for some time; and when all efforts of his own were unsuccessful, he came to you, and said—'Fix it, mamma, won't you?' His tones were not impatient, but coaxing. He had met with a difficulty beyond his limited powers to overcome, and, in conscious weakness, appealed to you for aid. But you did not notice him. Then he pulled at your sleeve, and began to show signs of impatience. Instead of heeding him you made an effort to push him away; but he resisted, and called out in a more imperative voice—'Mamma! mamma!—fix it, I say!' Still he was not attended to. Then quick passion flooded his little heart; he demanded attention in a way that could not go unheeded, and for this you drove him from you, with words of angry rebuke, calling him 'A little torment.'"

"Again I say—forgive me, Florence, for speaking out so plainly—but the expression of that child's face as he went shrinking from you, touched my heart, and brought back a flood of old memories. Once I was the mother of a sweet boy"—her eyes grew moist, and her voice became a little unsteady. "He went from me many years ago, and sweet remembrances of him still linger in my heart. But I was not in all things a true and good mother; not wise enough to train a young immortal for Heaven. In many things I was unjust, and often, in my selfish disregard of his rights as a child, cruel, I fear. There is one incident connected with his life, up to this time, known only to myself. I have never been able to speak of it; but now, for the sake of your precious one, so like in many things to the lost darling I mourn, the secret shall be uncovered, even though in doing it, I suffer acutest pain. How vividly the scene is before me! The very language to which you gave utterance just now, I used—'Little torment!' Yes, those were my very words—'Little torment!' Ah! that I could forget that utterance! Angel! Precious one! Darling! These were better words, and more significant. How could I ever have permitted less endearing terms to pass my lips?"

"It was a summer afternoon. The day had been

hot, and I was suffering from an unusual languor. I sat near the window, reading a pleasant story, the interest of which was just strong enough to keep my mind awake. The tender muscles of my little boy were not affected, as mine, by the relaxing atmosphere. He was a restless, busy child, rarely still a moment while awake—one to exercise a mother's patience. On this occasion, the restless spirit was strong. He rattled the chairs, swung on the doors, pushed the sofa from its place against the wall, threw down books, drew up the venetian blinds, and rattled them down again, and in various other ways disturbed the quiet I particularly wished to enjoy. Now he came to me with a stick and a string, to make him a whip; now to mend some broken toy; and now with a picture, about which he asked me to tell him a story. He was cheerful, bright, and happy, in his restless activity. Oh, why did I not sympathize with him! Why did I not lay aside my book, and give an hour of thought and care to my precious boy! But I thought of my own ease, not of his delight. So I fretted, complained, and scolded; sent him from me, now, in denial of his requests, and now, threatening to banish him from the room, if he disturbed me any more.

"At last, his restless spirit seemed to die out. He came, and standing beside my chair, leaned heavily against me. 'Mamma,' he said. I hear the low, plaintive voice, now. Just then, I was in the midst of an exciting passage, and even this disturbance annoyed me. So I tried to push him away, and said—'Go and amuse yourself.' But he did not stir. It was hot; I felt languid; his weight was heavy against me. 'Go away,' said I, with some sternness of manner, and I tried to push him from me. A strange fit of passion seized him, and he struggled resolutely against me, trying to climb upon my lap. I, too, felt the impulse of a sudden excitement, and seizing him by the arm, thrust him angrily from the room, letting the words, 'You little torment!' fall from my lips, as I did so.

"He went crying up stairs, and I heard his voice in the chamber above, for the space of nearly a minute. Then all became silent, and resuming my book, I kept on with the pleasant story I was reading, until just as twilight began to fall, my husband entered.

"Where is Freddy?" was his first question, for the boy was very dear to him.

"Up stairs, somewhere," I answered, and going to the door of the room, I called 'Freddy!' But no answer came; nor, though I listened intently, was any sound of feet heard. A sudden concern swept across my heart, and I ran up stairs to the room above the parlor. He was lying on a bed, his face partly buried in a pillow. His cheek was red, and as I laid my hand upon it, I was alarmed by its feverish glow. 'Freddy! Freddy!' I called. My voice and hand aroused him, and, turning, he drew his arm around my neck, murmuring as he did so—'Dear mamma!' Then his eyes shut

heavily, and he was asleep again. His father came in at the moment, and I said, betraying anxiety in my voice—'He's going so he sick, I fear!'

"In less than half an hour the doctor was there. He spoke lightly, but my eyes saw concern in his face. Dear Freddy! He never looked upon earth's beauty and sweetness again. In less than a week, he passed upwards, to dwell with the angels. Ah! my friend, if I could forget that afternoon—if I could only feel that I had not been unkind and unjust to my precious child—if I had no remembrances except tender, regardful, and loving ones! Take the lesson, Florence, and let it awaken more consideration for your boy. You have seen into my heart, and God grant that you may never know a sorrow kindred to the one which has lain there, hidden, for years."

## Good Family Habits.

This is a most important subject, truly, and one which is much and often talked and thought of; but how many are there in our land who are awake to the importance of carrying out their good purposes in practice with perseverance?

Now I will suggest a few thoughts, not because they are new, for they are not, but because if enforced they must have a good effect. We know better than we do, and yet we must often be reminded of what we well know.

Method and order are essential in every house, not only to comfort, but to serenity and cheerfulness. If mothers and housekeepers should try to carry out Mrs. Hamilton's three rules—"Have a place for everything, a time for everything, and everything for its proper use," what beauty and order would blossom even under the vine and fig-tree of the poorest man who has a home! But these things I did not propose to dwell upon.

Let the last night in the week be quiet. Have no parties or merry-makings; but, with your book, or some other unobtrusive employment of your time, let the mind be kept calm and clear for the blessed day of the Lord—a day given to the spiritual life, as we prepare for any special festive season. No one who is out late in the thronged assembly, can feel either in body or mind in a suitable state for the duties of the sanctuary and the soul-absorbing devotions of the closet, or the consecration of the other blessed hours of holy time. Let your last evening of the week then, be calm and quiet.

At all times, have morning devotions regularly, either before or after breakfast. In most families, there is less danger of disturbance from little cares after than before breakfast. These devotions have a beautiful influence over the day, if properly conducted. But take care to make the exercise interesting, and particularly to the young. The older worshippers will receive good from that which nourishes the piety of the young; but do not expect the young can receive nurture from that which is



where their powers, or is dull and monotonous. Mingle in and vary your exercises. Look for the beautiful, the loving, the tender, as well as that which kindles zeal and courage, or expresses penitence. Especially, let the sweet devotional hymn rise, like the incense of old, from your hearth-stone.

It is well to have some regular reading in the family, if only ten minutes after dinner, or some other appointed time. You will find it of great value. Rev. H. Ware, who was one of the best of us, recommended the practice of having two

kinds of reading always at hand, in the course of reading, religious and secular.

This subject is full of suggestions, but no more at present.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!" Oh, that every mother would make this simple but noble resolution her own! Would to God our households might be sustained on this principle! Few legislative restrictions or reformatory laws would be required, if parents were true to their solemn obligations.

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## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### My Surprise.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Clarissa," said my father, suddenly entering the room, where my mother sat sewing and humming, she herself snatches of old home tunes, which floated sweetly into the room where I lay, as the soft April winds did through the half lifted window, "I'm going down to the 'Neck' this afternoon, and I believe I shall take Robert along with me."

"Why, father," exclaimed mother, in a tone full of surprise, "aren't you crazy to think of such a thing?"

"I'm perfectly sane, my dear; and able to see that this mild afternoon, full of sunshine, can't injure him; and the new buggy is as easy as a cradle. He wants a change, and I'm bent upon giving it to him."

"But it seems so imprudent"—broke in my mother's solicitous tones; and then, I lifted my head and called out loudly, before she could add another word, "Oh, please, father, take me! I know it won't hurt me one bit."

"There! that decides the matter, now," laughed my father, and he came into the bed-room, snapping his whip.

"So you like the prospect of going out, do you, my boy?"

"Oh, you don't know, father, how glad I am," and the words were stopped in my throat, for the joy which would not let me speak.

"Well, mother must have you all ready in half an hour; I've got to go over to the store a little while," as he left the room. Half an hour later, my mother put her anxious, loving face inside the carriage where I sat, and she smoothed down my collar for the last time, and said to father, "Now take good care of him, John, and don't drive too fast."

"Just give all your fears to the winds, mother. This will be the best medicine he can have. I'll venture both horse and buggy," answered father, and he pulled up the reins and away we started.

I shall never forget that ride to the "Neck" though I live to be an old man like grandfather,

and the locks lie few on my forehead and white as the wind-clouds which crisp the sky every March.

In a few moments my languid pulses began to throb with something of the old quickness; and the soft, cool winds, came and played with my hair, and patted my cheeks like the fingers of a mother.

What a beautiful, beautiful afternoon it was! The earth seemed alive and full of rejoicing, as she lay in the golden sunshine. The grass was springing in the fields, the young birds were singing in the trees, where they had just built their spring nests, and the peach boughs were full of small blossoms, which made a delicate pink crisping along their black lines.

I, Robert West, had been for six long months an invalid, confined to my chamber and my bed with a fever and a broken limb.

In the previous October, I had climbed a pear tree in my uncle's orchard, and when I was nearly at the top one of the large limbs on which I was leaning suddenly gave way, and precipitated me to the ground. I was picked up senseless, and an attack of brain fever and a broken limb, laid me for weeks under the very shadow of death.

But at last, I began to grow better; but oh! the "getting well" was such a long, tedious, dreary thing!

Do you know what it is, for an active, restless boy, such as I had been, to lie day after day in his bed, too weak to read or to talk much, and with a dull pain in his head, count the leaves on the paper hangings, and watch the slow dim sunshine as it crowds through some chink in the curtained windows, and creeps along the wall?

How long ago seemed the time when I used to be a light-hearted, careless boy, bounding on my way to school, skating on the river in winter, fishing on its banks in summer, playing ball on the green, catching squirrels in the woods!

And now it seemed as we drove along through the cross country road, with all the sweet scents and sounds filling the air, that the old, free life of my boyhood had come back to me.

"Why, Robert," said my father, looking into my

face, and smiling, "you haven't looked so much like yourself since you were sick. I wish mother could see you now. She'd find my medicine was better than the doctor's."

"Seems to me the world never looked so beautiful, father."

"That was what I was just thinking; and I was thinking, too, how good God was, who not only had given to us this beautiful spring afternoon, with its sweet sunshine, its springing grass, and the song of its birds; but had given back to me my boy, who I thought, a few months ago, would never open his eyes on another spring day in this world, but would be lying where only its daisies could grow over him."

My memory went back to those long, dumb days of darkness and pain, and my heart swelled with gratitude to God, and the tears filled my eyes, as I said:

"God has been very good to me, papa."

"Never forget it, my child," he said, as he checked his horse, for we had reached the "Neck" now, a long stretch of pasture land, that reached out into the bay, and the tide was coming in, and the white waves were laughing and dashing in silver flocks on the shore.

"I shall let you stay here, while I go to see Mr. Myers," said my father, as I looked up at the old brown house, before whose front gate we had stopped. "I'll be back in a moment. I've got a surprise for you."

"What kind of a surprise, father?"

"Oh, a pleasant one," as he tied his horse to the post, and then left me.

In a few moments my father returned with Mr. Myers, and the latter was leading the prettiest little bay colt I ever placed my eyes on.

She stepped so daintily, and looked all about with her large, gentle, shy brown eyes, that I was lost in admiration at the first glance.

"Well, my son, how do you like her looks?" said my father.

"Oh, papa, what a perfect beauty!"

"And how would you like to own her all yourself, and ride about whenever you liked?"

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, Robert, you must make haste and get well, for Mr. Myers here and I have made a bargain, and this is the surprise I intended for you; as the doctor says horse-back riding will be the best medicine for you in the world."

"May'n't I get on her back this minute?" I said, forgetting all about my sickness.

"I'm afraid you couldn't stay if you should. You must wait until you are stronger."

"She's as tame as a lamb," said Mr. Myers, leading her round. "It didn't take any time to break her. The first time I was on her back, she went off as though she'd al'ays been used to it, and she never had an ugly trick. I've broke hundreds of horses, but I must say she beats 'em all."

"She's as likely too as she's gentle, and will know you after you've fed her the first time."

I drank in every word Mr. Myers said, and I could have stayed listening to him and looking at the colt until sundown; but papa was in a hurry, as he feared mother would get nervous if we were gone much longer; and Mr. Myers promised the colt should be sent round next week.

"I hope to get this boy on its back by that time," said father.

I could think and talk of nothing all the way home, but of my new present, which was indeed a surprise to me.

"What shall you call him?" said father, who listened with a pleased face to all I said.

I mused a moment. "I shall call him 'Beauty.' He looks as if he was just made for that name."

"There, Clarissa, what do you say to my medicine now," said my father, as he led me to my mother.

She looked at me in glad amazement.

"He doesn't look like the same child, John."

"Oh, mother, do you know about my surprise?" I cried, "It's that has done it."

"That and the ride," interposed my father.

"Yes, I know all about it, dear."

Mamma said this, smiling down on me, as she removed my hat and smoothed my hair.

"And next week she is to be brought home and I am to ride her."

"So soon as that, Robert?"

"Why, yes, mamma. I'm almost well now."

My father and mother broke into a simultaneous laugh, but it was true; and now I live in the hope and expectation of taking my first ride next week, on Beauty!

#### THE QUAKER AND COUNTRYMAN.

A quaker passing through the market, stopped at a stall and inquired the price of citrons.

"I have none," said the honest countryman, "that will suit you; they are decayed and their flavor is gone."

"Thank thee, friend, I will go to the next stand."

"Hast thou any good fruit to-day?" said he to the dealer.

"Yes, sir; here are some of the finest nutmegs of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind."

"Then thou canst recommend them?"

"O, certainly, sir."

"Very well; I will take two." He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound but miserably tasteless.

The next morning he again repaired to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the preceding day asked him if he would like some more.

"Nay, friend; thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou may speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee; but thy neighbor chose to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou wouldst do well to remember this, and learn by experience that a falsehood is a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end."

## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

### A Place for Your Shoes.

BY ROSELLA.

Our minister and his wife were here spending the evening lately, and quite the first thing I asked the latter was, why she did not attend the "Lecture to Mothers."

"Well," she replied, "my husband did not get home until it was late, and then we had supper later than usual and"—here she hesitated.

"Out with it, Maria!" said he, turning and laughing mischievously in her face.

I pitied her, and to draw attention from her and give her a chance to become composed, I said the children had better go into another room to play, as they were so noisy.

But the minister kept on laughing, and at last he said his wife wanted to go bad enough, but she had mislaid her shoes and couldn't find them!

Poor old lady! to be so exposed before young housekeepers made her feel so mortified—her very cap borders seemed to wilt down deprecatingly, and her mouth shut together so pitiful and irresolute! I resolved to show her where we girls kept our shoes, but I didn't know how to get about it without a show of superiority. At last I said, "Oh, auntie, you must see our soft, new, furry blankets, they are so nice!" and I led the way up stairs and into the big closet. She felt of the blankets with her old veiny hands and pressed them up to her wrinkled face, just like glad summer-loving ones will ever over and joy down into the rich red hearts of June roses.

"What is this?" said she, as we turned to go out, and I held the light purposely so she couldn't help seeing it.

"Oh, it's nothing but the shoe bag!" Just like a glad girl again, she sat right down before it and took a good look, with a great many "Oh dears" and "Well nows!"

Down in the lower pocket were the overshoes, next the coarse ones, then above it the large gaiters, and in the pocket above, were the little misses' boots and gaiters with their shiny toes and heels, and up to the top were the babies' wee red roccoes, peeping out like little toys or playthings that the fairies had tucked away half out of sight.

"Du tell!" said the delighted old lady, laughing cheerily.

"Well, I read in the 'Ohio Cultivator' long time ago how it was made, and I went to work and made one right off, and it has been worth five years' subscription to me. You see, auntie, how it is done. I took the back part of the leg of a worn-out pair of pants and sewed pieces across it like a pocket, deep enough to hold one or two pairs of shoes, and then tacked it fast to the wall inside the

closet. It is fastened, or tacked at both ends and both sides, and is exactly like the row of pockets made of fancy calico that our grandmothers used to hang under the mirrors to put thimbles, needle-book, and such little things in."

She went home delighted, and I know the first time I go there I shall see a place to keep shoes.

Do you understand, girls, how it is made? if you don't, just ask your mas or aunts how the grandmother's row of pockets were made, that used to hang under the little cedar framed looking glass.

Mind and never put your shoes away muddy or with broken lacings, for if you do, the worst trouble is, that you will find them so; perhaps too, when you are in a real hurry, and when such a vexation would spoil and mar your pleasant faces and happy feelings.

**CLEAR STARCHING.**—Collars, undersleeves or handkerchiefs, of very fine muslin or lace, will not bear much squeezing or rubbing when washed. They can be made perfectly white and clean without either, by the following process: Rinse them carefully through clear water, then soap them well with white soap; place flat in a dish or saucer, and cover with water; place them in the sun. Let them remain two or three days, changing the water frequently, and turning them. Once every day take them out, rinse carefully, soap and place in fresh water. The operation is a tedious and rather troublesome one, but the finest embroidery or lace comes out perfectly white, and is not worn at all, where in common washing it would be very apt to tear. When they are white, rinse and starch in the usual way.

**SWEET APPLE PUDDING.**—Take one pint of scalded milk, half a pint of Indian meal, a teaspoonful of salt, and six sweet apples, cut into small pieces, which will afford an excellent rich jelly. This is one of the most luxurious yet simple puddings made.

**A DELICATE DESSERT.**—Lay half a dozen crackers in a tureen; pour enough boiling water over them to cover them. In a few minutes they will be swollen to three or four times their original size. Now grate loaf sugar and a little nutmeg over them, and dip on enough sweet cream to make a nice sauce; and you have a delicious and simple dessert that will rest lightly upon the stomach—and it is so easily prepared. Leave out the cream, and it is a valuable recipe for sick room cookery.

**STEWED BEEF.**—In "Field Notes" we find this recipe for cooking beef:—Housewives who are in a habit of using only steaks and roasts, make a great mistake. A capital dish may be made out of

the "chuck" as the butchers call it, or the neck, when well prepared. Select a piece of meat as large as the demand of your table may require, wash it well to remove all the blood or soil from the outside, have your dinner pot perfectly clean, salt and pepper the meat well, lay it in the bottom and cover it with water; boil it from two to three hours, or till it is thoroughly tender; add half an onion, a sprinkle of sage, thyme or summer-savory.

If the meat is fat, let the water all stew out a half hour before it is put on the table, and when your meat is browned well on the lower side in the gravy, turn it over and brown the other side. When ready, take it up, add a little flour thickening to the gravy, or if you have a dredge box shake the flour into the hot gravy and brown it, then add boiling water, and you will have a dish equal, and to my mind, superior to the common roast beef upon boarding-house tables.

Care must be used to turn it; and equally neces-

sary is good judgment in having it thoroughly well cooked.

**BEEF PIE.**—Make a nice crust a little richer than for biscuit; chop up pieces of the boiled round of beef, when you have them cold; season with salt, pepper and butter, and onions if you like; line a basin with crust rolled about half an inch thick; fill with the beef moistened with gravy or water; dredge in a little flour; cover; bake half an hour.

**RICH PLAIN CAKE.**—Beat a pound of butter to a cream and add a pound of brown sugar, rub in for ten minutes longer, then add eight eggs, two at a time, beating them as they are put in until the whole is very smooth, then stir in a pound and a quarter of flour, a little at a time, till it is well mixed. Season with a little nutmeg, add a pound of currants, together with citron and orange peel cut into pieces. Bake two hours.

## HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

### How People Take Cold.

[We take the following sensible article from Hall's Journal of Health.]

Not by tumbling into the river, and dragging home wet as a drowned rat; not by being pitched into the mud, or spilled out in the snow in sleighing time; not by walking for hours over shoe-top in mud; not by soaking in the rain without an umbrella; not by scrubbing the floor until the unnameable sticks to you like a wet rag; not by hoeing potatoes until you are in a lather of sweat; not by trying to head a pig in mid-winter, and induce him to run the other way, for he won't do any such thing; not by steaming over the wash-tub; not by essaying to teach Biddy to make mince pies for Christmas, when you don't know how yourself, and then worrying yourself into a perspiration because the pies stuck to the pan, and came out in a mass, forgetting that pie-pans, like people, are rather the better for a little greasing, alias soft soap; these are not the things which give people colds; and yet people are all the time telling us how they "caught their death by exposure."

*The time for taking cold, is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting room.*

It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool too quick after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railroad station, or to the ferry, or to catch an omnibus,

or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an over effort to keep up with it, and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat, and find yourself in a perspiration; you take a seat, and feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, or, if a New Yorker, to read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chilliness, and the thing is done; you look around to see where the cold comes, and find a window open near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car, and it moving against the wind, a strong draft is made through the crevices. Or may be you met a friend at a street corner, who wanted a loan, and was quite complimentary, almost loving; you did not like to be rude in the delivery of the two lettered monosyllable, and while you were contriving to be truthful, polite, and safe, all at the same time, on comes the chilly feeling from a raw wind at the street corner, or the splash of mud and water in which, for the first time, you noticed yourself standing.

Young ladies take their colds in grandly dark parlors, unused and unfired for a week; warm enough were they, almost too warm, in the gay, sunshiny street without, and that parlor felt comfortably cool at first, but the last curl of the visited would not dangle satisfactorily, and while compelling it, (young ladies now a-days making it a point of principle not to be thwarted in anything, not even in wedding rich Tom to please the old folks, when they love poor Dick, and intend to please themselves,) while conquering that beautiful but



usually curl, the visitor makes an unexpected meeting with a chill, which calls her to the ——— grave.

I cannot give further space to illustrations to arrest the attention of the careless, but will reiterate the principle for the thoughtful and observant:

#### GET COOL SLOWLY.

After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street corner, for any body or any thing; nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait awhile, some five minutes or more, and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment: when you return from a brisk walk, and enter a warm room, raise your hat, and the forehead will be moist; let the hat remain a few moments, and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that with your out-door clothing on, you have cooled off full soon. Among the severest colds I have known men to take, were the result of sitting down to a meal in a cool room, after a walk; or, being engaged in writing, have let the fire go out, and their first admonition of it was that creeping chilliness which is the ordinary forerunner of a severe cold. Persons have often lost their lives by writing or reading in a room where there was no fire, although the weather outside was rather uncomfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused, has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend. Our splendid parlors, and our nice "spare rooms," help to enrich many a doctor. The cold, sepulchral parlors of New York, from May until November, bring disease, not only to visitors, but to the visited; for, coming in from domestic occupations, or from the hurry of dressing, the heat of the body is higher than natural, and having no cloak or hat on in going in to meet a

visitor, and having in addition but little vitality, in consequence of the very sedentary nature of town life, there is but very little capability of resistance, and a chill and cold is the result.

But *how to cure a cold promptly?* that is a question of life and death to multitudes. There are two methods of universal application: 1st, obtain a bottle of cough mixture, or a lot of cough candy, any kind will do; in a day or two you will feel better, and in high spirits; you will be charmed with the promptness of the medicine; make a mule of yourself, by giving your certificate of the valuable remedy, and in due course of time, another certificate will be made for your admission, foot foremost, into "Greenwood."

The other remedy is, consult a respectable resident physician.

**A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.**—Said a young lady who was fashionably educated at boarding schools, and indulged in idleness at home, so that there was neither strength nor elasticity to her frame:—

"I used to be so feeble that I could not even lift a broom, and the least physical exertion would make me ill for a week. Looking one day at the Irish girls, and noticing their healthy, robust appearance, I determined to make a new trial, and see if I could not bring the roses to my cheeks, and rid myself of the dreadful lassitude that oppressed me. One sweeping day I went bravely to work, cleaning thoroughly the parlors, three chambers, the front stairs and hall, after which I lay down and rested until noon, when I arose, and ate a heartier meal than for many a day. Since that time, I have occupied some portion of every day in active domestic labor, and not only are all my friends congratulating me upon my improved appearance, but in my whole being—mind, body and spirit—do I experience a wondrous vigor, to which I have hitherto been a stranger. Young ladies, try my catholicon."

## TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

### SPRING FASHIONS, No. 1.

**HOME COSTUME.**—Dress of green poplin, the skirt long and full, without any ornament. *Zouave* jacket, bordered entirely round by *Arabesques* in gold; it closes at the top with gold buttons and loops of gold cord. Wide sleeves, open at the back of the arm, and trimmed the same as the jacket; gold buttons and cord at the opening, so that the sleeves may be closed at pleasure.

**HOME OR VISITING COSTUME.**—Robe *Chinois* of blue silk, with open tunic of the same. The skirt is trimmed à la robe, with dark claret velvet, the upper edge cut in festoons, and corded with amber silk. The point of each festoon is finished by an

amber button. The tunic is trimmed to correspond, the points of the velvet all meeting at the waist, under a silver clasp. The plain, high body, is sewn on to the tunic; it has a *plastron* of velvet to correspond with trimming of the skirt; tight-shaped sleeves, with velvet jockeys and cuffs. Lace cap, the border trimmed at the edge by very narrow claret velvet, small loops of the same in the full border at the sides; the strings are edged at one side by a trimming of velvet. The shawl is of very thick and rich *crêpe de Chine*. The bonnet suited to this dress is of white chip and claret velvet with pink roses.

## SPRING FASHIONS, No. 2.

**LADY'S DRESS.**—Green silk, buttoned over like a coat; lapels to turn over, edged with a ruche; straight waist, with sash; full sleeves, with gauntlet cuff.

**BOY'S DRESS.**—Jacket, vest, and pants, of light cloth; the jacket bound with black velvet.

**GIRL'S DRESS.**—Black silk coat, and straw hat, with plume.

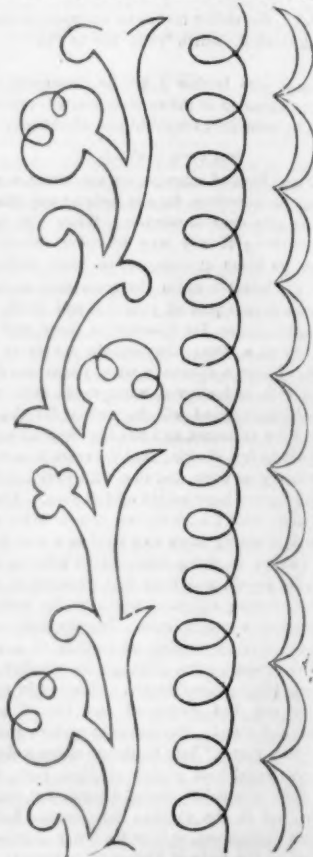
## GENERAL REMARKS.

The form for dresses is as nearly as possible the same as it has been for some time past. The skirts are invariably full, and the custom recently introduced, of cutting gores from the top of the breadths, to render the skirt less ample at the waist than at the lower part, is now very generally followed for silk dresses. The richest and most beautiful silks which have yet appeared are figured with bouquets of flowers, and some having a black ground, ornamented with flowers of various tints, have been much admired.

Some of the richest evening dresses are composed of satin or silk, trimmed either with flounces of lace, or having a tunic of splendid lace over the skirt. A dress of cerulean blue silk has just been trimmed with a flounce of Alençon lace, surmounted by a quilling of silk, edged with a narrow row of the same lace. Beneath the flounce, and quite on the edge of the dress, there is a light ruche of silk, pinked.

Dresses for the *promenade* are all made high, the waists round, with either the *suissesse* ceinture of black velvet, or the narrow ceinture with clasp or buckle. Tight sleeves are decidedly becoming fashionable; they have always *epaulettes* or puffings and deep pointed cuffs. The wide open sleeve, as well as that of a more moderate size, with *revers* turned back, are still in favor.

Bonnets are large, very much trimmed at the top, the curtains deep, and frequently of a color contrasting with the bonnet.



BRAIDING PATTERNS.



HEAD DRESS.



HEAD DRESS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS: From the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort.** With a Full Account of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, LL. D., D. C. L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Vols. I and II. New York: Harper & Brothers.

No volumes which have been given to the public for years have been hailed with so cordial a welcome as these, both in England and America, where their publication was simultaneous. The strong interest awakened in this era of the world's history by Mr. Motley's first volumes, made the appetite keen for whatever might follow in the same general direction; and in this opening of the "History of the United Netherlands," the author has fully met the public expectation which its announcement created.

The period occupied in these two volumes is less than six years, commencing with 1584 and ending with the beginning of 1590—a short period as to time, but full of events of the utmost importance to the world's welfare. "The intimate connection," says the author, "which was formed between the Kingdom of England and the Republic of Holland, immediately after the death of William the Silent, rendered the history and the fate of the two commonwealths for a season almost identical. The years of anxiety and suspense during which the great Spanish project for subjugating England and reconquering the Netherlands, by the same invasion, was slowly matured, were of deepest import for the future destiny of these two countries and for the cause of national liberty. The deep laid conspiracy of Spain and Rome against human rights deserves to be patiently examined, for it is one of the great lessons of history. The crisis was long and doubtful, and the health—perhaps the existence—of England and Holland, and, with them, of a great part of Christendom, was on the issue. History has few so fruitful examples of the danger which comes from superstition and despotism, and the blessings which flow from the maintenance of religious and political freedom, as those afforded by the struggle between England and Holland on the one side, and Spain and Rome on the other, during the epoch which I have attempted to describe. It is for this reason that I have thought it necessary to reveal, as minutely as possible, the secret details of this conspiracy of king and priest against the people, and to show how it was baffled at last by the strong self-helping energy of two free nations combined."

In limiting himself to a brief period of history—a period in which one of the most determined struggles between the spirit of freedom and the

spirit of despotism which the world has seen took place—Mr. Motley has given himself space and time to bring all the leading personages, with whom he has to deal, in clearly drawn individuality before the reader. The portraits are remarkably graphic. We come closer than ever to Philip II.; Catherine de Medeci; Henry of Navarre; the Duke of Guise; Henry III. of France; the Duke of Parma; and other leading or prominent spirits of the time, and see their characters as we never saw them before. Thus we are better able to comprehend the shaping of events, and to see how, against the deepest laid plottings, and villainies of wicked men, God, in Providence, works out the destinies of nations in the sure progress of freedom. Look at this picture of Philip II., and mark how indelibly it fixes itself in your thought. You can never lose it.

"A small, dull, elderly, imperfectly educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding under jaw and dreary visage, was sitting day after day, seldom speaking, never smiling, seven or eight hours out of every twenty-four, at a writing table covered with heaps of interminable despatches, in a cabinet far away beyond the seas and mountains, in the very heart of Spain. A clerk or two noiselessly opening and shutting the door, from time to time, fetching fresh bundles of letters and taking away others—all written and composed by secretaries or high functionaries—and all to be scrawled over in the margin by the diligent old man, in a big schoolboy's hand and style—if ever schoolboy, even in the sixteenth century, could write so illegibly or express himself so awkwardly; couriers in the courtyard arrived from or departing for the uttermost parts of earth—Asia, Africa, America, Europe—to fetch and carry these interminable epistles, which contained the irresponsible commands of this one individual, and were freighted with the doom and destiny of countless millions of the world's inhabitants—such was the system of government against which the Netherlands had protested and revolted. It was a system under which their fields had been made desolate, their cities burned and pillaged, their men hanged, burned, drowned or hacked to pieces; their women subjected to every outrage; and to put an end to which they had been devoting their treasure and their blood for nearly the length of one generation. It was a system, too, which, among other results, had just brought about the death of the foremost statesman of Europe, and had nearly effected simultaneously the murder of the most eminent sovereign in the world. The industrious Philip, safe and tranquil in the depths of the Escorial, saying his prayers three times a day with exem-

plary regularity, had just sent three bullets through the body of William the Silent at his dining-room door in Delft. \* \* \* Invisible as the Grand Lama of Tibet, clothed with power as extensive and absolute as had ever been wielded by the most imperial Caesar, Philip the Prudent, as he grew older and feebler in mind and body seemed to become more gluttonous of work, more ambitious to extend his sceptre over lands he had never seen or dreamed of seeing, more fixed in his determination to annihilate that monster, Protestantism, which it had been the business of his life to combat, more eager to put to death every human creature whether anointed monarch or humble artisan, that defended heresy or opposed his progress to universal empire."

Spain, as it was then, the greatest power in the world, and England, a feeble nation, made feebler by internal feuds, contrast strangely with the Spain and England of to-day. It is hard to realize the difference; but wonderfully instructive to apprehend the cause of one nation's decline, and the other's advance to greatness.

HARRY HARRISON; OR THE BENEVOLENT BACHELOR. By John T. Irving. (Nephew of Washington Irving.) New York: R. M. De Witt.

The author is a man of fertile imagination and quick perceptions. This book was written years

ago, but will be found fresh in interest, and, as dealing with society in a former, and now fast receding phase, will be found to possess attractions of a peculiar kind.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA: AND THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRADER. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This edition is in a neat bound volume of over three hundred pages.

THE CROSSED PATH; OR BASIL. A Story of Modern Life. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is one of Wilkie Collins' earlier novels. It originally appeared under the title of "Basil."

THE WITS AND BEAUX OF SOCIETY. By Grace and Philip Wharton, Authors of "The Queens of Society." With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The easy, graceful, taking style of "The Queens of Society," will incline all who read that book to possess themselves of "The Wits and Beaux." It will be found a pleasant volume for summer reading. Among the characters introduced, are George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; Beau Fielding; William Congreve; Beau Nash; Lord Harvey; Horace Walpole; George Selwin; Richard Brinsley Sheridan; Beau Brummel; Theodore Hook; Sidney Smith, etc.; a rare company.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### A LITERARY LIFE.

"If my daughter could only make a literary woman how proud and delighted I should be!" said the mother, looking down on the bright-haired little girl at her side, whose life had slipped off its ninth summer; and we looked down too on the bright head of the little girl and thought that if such a career were bound up in the future of her child, the mother might have, after all, small cause for congratulation.

We have learned by the letters which we are constantly receiving from young aspirants for literary fame, that one great and serious mistake exists in regard to this matter of literary labor; and this is, that it demands no long apprenticeship, no discipline of the mind, nor cultivation of one's talents, to achieve success in this department of mental labor.

And we always lay down these letters with a sigh, when we think of the surprise and disappointment which, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, must await the applicant. People understand perfectly well that they must serve a long apprenticeship in music, painting, sculpture, any of

the arts, but with writing, the prevalent opinion amongst a large class of intelligent people seems to be that the path of literary fame and compensation is a golden one; when it is often a long, slow, tedious plodding, full of weariness and failure, and renewed effort, even to those whose talents in the end ensure to them success. For we believe that the ability to write well is a gift, as music, and painting, and sculpture are; and though it is certainly no disgrace not to be able to write poetry, it is no honor to write doggerel, and certainly wisest not to attempt it.

Moreover, let no young girl suppose that her first efforts will be likely to meet with acceptance from any considerable editor or publisher, no matter how great a genius her friends regard her. The divine afflatus does not fall in any such miraculous way. The imagination does not bear its blossoms and fruits in a single hour. The soil requires the early and later rains, and the branches want the dews, and the sunshine, and long and patient cultivation, and much pruning, before any pluck their sweet and mellow fruits.

And how many young writers, intoxicated with



their first dreams of fame, send off their crude productions, full of ardor and high hopes, to be mortified and disappointed, let the scores of "*Articles Declined*" in the desks of every publishing office make answer.

To a woman, at least, literature is not an easy profession, one where, with small toil, she reaps green laurels and golden fruits. The gains are not so large, and the work is not so light as the uninitiated imagine.

And any woman who makes literature her sole work in life, will most invariably find that she must pay dearly for it in broken health and shattered nerves.

For every hour of introversion and stimulated imagination, she should have several of reactionary outward life—of perception, of muscular exercise, and work, for otherwise the constant demand on her nervous forces, will sooner or later exhaust them, and her days will be full of alternate excitement and depression.

And any woman who enters the paths of literature, with no higher aim than that of worldly applause and notoriety, will find herself sorely deceived and disappointed in the end.

An inordinate thirst for notoriety is a slow gangrene that eats into and destroys the finest characters, and especially does it rob womanhood of its truth and graces; for the heart that is fired with a desire for fame, is fed constantly with unrest, and ambition, and envy; and these are continual well-springs of bitterness in the soul. So, if a woman enter the field of authorship, let her do it always in that spirit, which seeks for other rewards than the world can give; let her feel that the mission of her pen is to elevate and bless humanity—that she speak always for the right, the true, the good; and by the blessed law of compensation, in blessing others she shall herself be blessed.

And inasmuch as the truth *lived*, is better than the truth *spoken*, let all those women whose thoughts have never blossomed in inspired poem or thrilling tale, remember it is theirs to live in life's secluded places, amid quiet homes, and it may be, in the midst of daily cares and self-sacrifice, all the grand, heroic truths of patience and forbearance and love which their sisters have sung or written.

We would not underrate the great work which the pen of woman is accomplishing in this age; God forbid!

The words of true and noble women, living what they sung, have been like lamps hung along the years, shedding their blessed light about the altar, the cradle, the grave; exalting and hallowing the names of wife and mother and child, enriching and anointing ten thousand homes, with songs which were sweet balsams for aching heart, and oils of gladness for those who rejoice.

Such women are Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Sigourney, and many others whose names are radiant jewels in households throughout the world, whose genius has been consecrated to all sweet,

and pure, and noble teachings, and who by their living as well as their writing have exalted and ennobled "*a literary life*."

V. F. T.

#### "CARRY ME CLOSE."

Carry me close in that chamber fair,  
Which lies at the top of the shining stair,  
Where thy soul goes softly up to find  
The dreams of thy youth in their pictures shrined;  
And the mountains of Myrrh from windows shine,  
Which the dark and the frost can never climb;  
And life sings to thee, the olden psalm  
She sang through thy boyhood's dreamy calm,  
Carry me close in the chamber fair,  
Which lies at the top of that shining stair!

Carry me close, through the surging crowd,  
Ebbing and flowing with clamors loud;  
Where thy soul is strained to the toil of life,  
Where it wears the harness and braves the strife;  
Where the storm comes down and the heart grows weak;  
Where the lights are far and the winds are bleak;  
Whatever the chances thy way may betide;  
Whatever anointing thy life must abide;  
Through weal and through woe, through blooming  
and blight,  
Carry me close, as the stars do the night.

Carry me close, when the pansies' bloom  
Makes through the grass its purple gloom;  
And the branches of every orchard tree  
Unlock their pearls for a jubilee;  
And the silvery mists hang bright and still,  
Like larks in a calm on every hill;  
And the earth wakes up from her slumber dumb,  
For the "time of her singing birds has come!"  
Carry me close, wherever thou art,  
The song and the flowers about thy heart!

Carry me close in the silence, where  
Thy soul goes up to its house of prayer;  
That walking the valleys my feet be shod  
With the pilgrim sandals, the peace of God!  
That climbing the mountains, a vision be  
Of the "palms and the cedars" granted me;  
And that when the "Headlands" shall rise at last,  
And over the milestones their glory cast,  
That across the river I hear the psalm,  
And go down to the mighty waters calm—  
Oh, carry me closest, in silence, where  
Thy soul goes up to its house of prayer!

V. F. T.

#### "SPARE MOMENTS."

So much has been written, so much said of their value, that we feel as if our pen could add little testimony in their behalf, and yet they are the small seeds, which carefully hoarded and sown may spring up and bear blossoms, which shall send beauty and fragrance to thy life. They wind in and out of the days; they margin and interlace the hours of the busiest human life; and they have wise and profitable uses for all of us. Especially should the young acquire a habit of hoarding these small pearls of time. They are too precious to waste, and they will yield a rich reward.

Our lives are not ours, and simple pleasure and self-seeking will bring us only disappointment and bitterness at last. No real prizes are gathered in

wrong paths, only of living right and doing good do they come. The small moments, after all, make up our lives, and we know *who* it was that said, and what He meant saying it.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

V. F. T.

#### MISS TERRY'S POEMS.

The Lounger, in Harper's Weekly, thus refers to the volume of Rose Terry's poems, from which we have made several extracts: "Miss Terry's poems have now been published by Ticknor some two or three months. Had the times been more quiet, they would have been already much more widely known. But, in a high wind, the wood-thrush is not heard. She has followed Sidney's advice—she has looked into her heart, and written. If the song is sad, it is not the artificial elegiac strain to which so many women tune their lyres, but it is a true and searching pathos. An exquisite ear, a taste as delicate, a rare sympathy with Nature, the profoundest poetical feeling, a nameless feminine refinement, and perfect intellectual sincerity mark all her poems. If the Lounger had several pages to fill, he would quote several poems; but since he ought to take but one, let it be this:—"

"I give thee treasures hour by hour,  
That old time princes asked in vain,  
And pined for in their useless power,  
Or died of passion's eager pain.

"I give thee love as God gives light,  
Aside from merit or from prayer,  
Rejoicing in its own delight,  
And freer than the lavish air.

"I give the prayers, like jewels strung  
On golden threads of hope and fear,  
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung  
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

"As earth pours freely to the sea  
Its thousand streams of wealth untold,  
So flows my silent life to thee,  
Glad that its very sands are gold.

"What care I for thy carelessness?  
I give from depths that overflow;  
Regardless that their power to bless  
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

"For, lingering on a distant dawn,  
My triumph shines more sweet than late,  
When, from these mortal mists withdrawn,  
Thine heart shall know me—I can wait."

#### "THE OLD, OLD STORY."

We take particular pleasure in referring to the finely effective engraving with this title which appears in the present number of the Home Magazine. The spirit and delicacy of the treatment is beyond all praise, and the faithfulness with which the engraver, Mr. Lauderbach of our city, has executed the design, is highly to his credit. The reader cannot fail to have been struck with the excellence of the engraving, "Children Reading

the Bible," which appeared in the February number. This was also the work of Mr. Lauderbach. We shall give more of these choice productions of his graver, than which nothing superior has appeared in this country.

#### "EVENING PRAYER."

This is another of Mr. Lauderbach's exquisitely cut engravings. The subject will of course take it home to every mother's heart.

#### NEW ENGRAVINGS.

We have from Mr. John C. McRea, 694 Broadway, New York, a charming steel engraving in line and stipple, of Robert Burns, "In his Cottage, Composing the Cotter's Saturday Night," from the painting of Sir William Allen, R. A. The head in this picture, which is said to be an accurate likeness, is admirably engraved. We have, also, from the same establishment, "The Baptism of our Saviour," from a painting by D. M. Carter. Mr. McRea's advertisement will be found on another page, to which we particularly call the reader's attention.

There is something in the following sentence that most of us would do well to consider. In each man is something peculiarly his own, as distinguishing him from every other man, by which he is fitted to do something in the harmonious uses of the God's kingdom, which none but himself can perform:—"Men who see *into* their neighbors, are apt to be contemptuous; but men who see *through* them, find something lying behind every human soul which it is not for them to sit in judgment on, or to attempt to sneer out of the order of God's manifold universe."

#### LET ME REST.

BY L. HOLMES T.—

Let me rest! the soft rain falls  
Silv'ring o'er these cloudy walls;  
And the fresh, fresh breezes sweep  
Scat'ring balmy dews of sleep.  
Hark! the thunders long and dim  
Rock me with their cradle hymn;  
Or anon, above, around,  
Close me in an arch of sound.

'Tis not that my soul is worn,  
Crushed, and sad, and tempest-torn;  
'Tis not that a wearied sleep,  
Over shattered powers would creep;  
Nay! the dregs were early drained,  
Till the full rich wine remained;  
And the pulse, most glad, most free,  
Thrilled with all life's mystery.

Let me rest! Delicious airs  
Flow down Heaven's cloudy stairs;  
And some nearing angel sings  
Rustling music from his wings.  
Shadows soft are round me lying,  
Earth's full chords are distance-dying,  
Life, enwrapped in waiting high,  
Meets its grander destiny.

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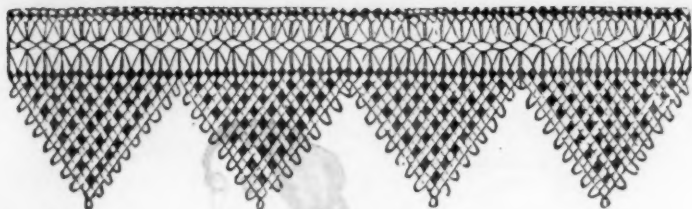
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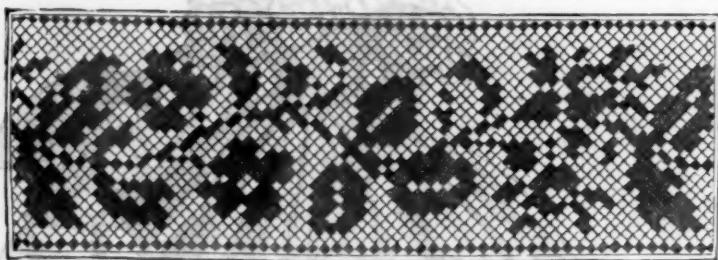
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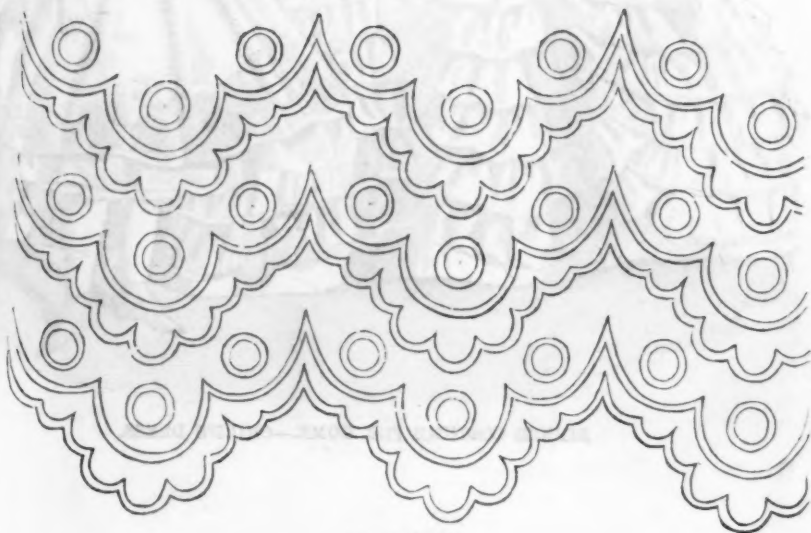




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